

**JOHN TUNNEY'S
STUBBORN FIGHT
FOR JUSTICE**

By Sidney Katz

A compelling story
for those who say
"it can't happen here"

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



MACPHERSON



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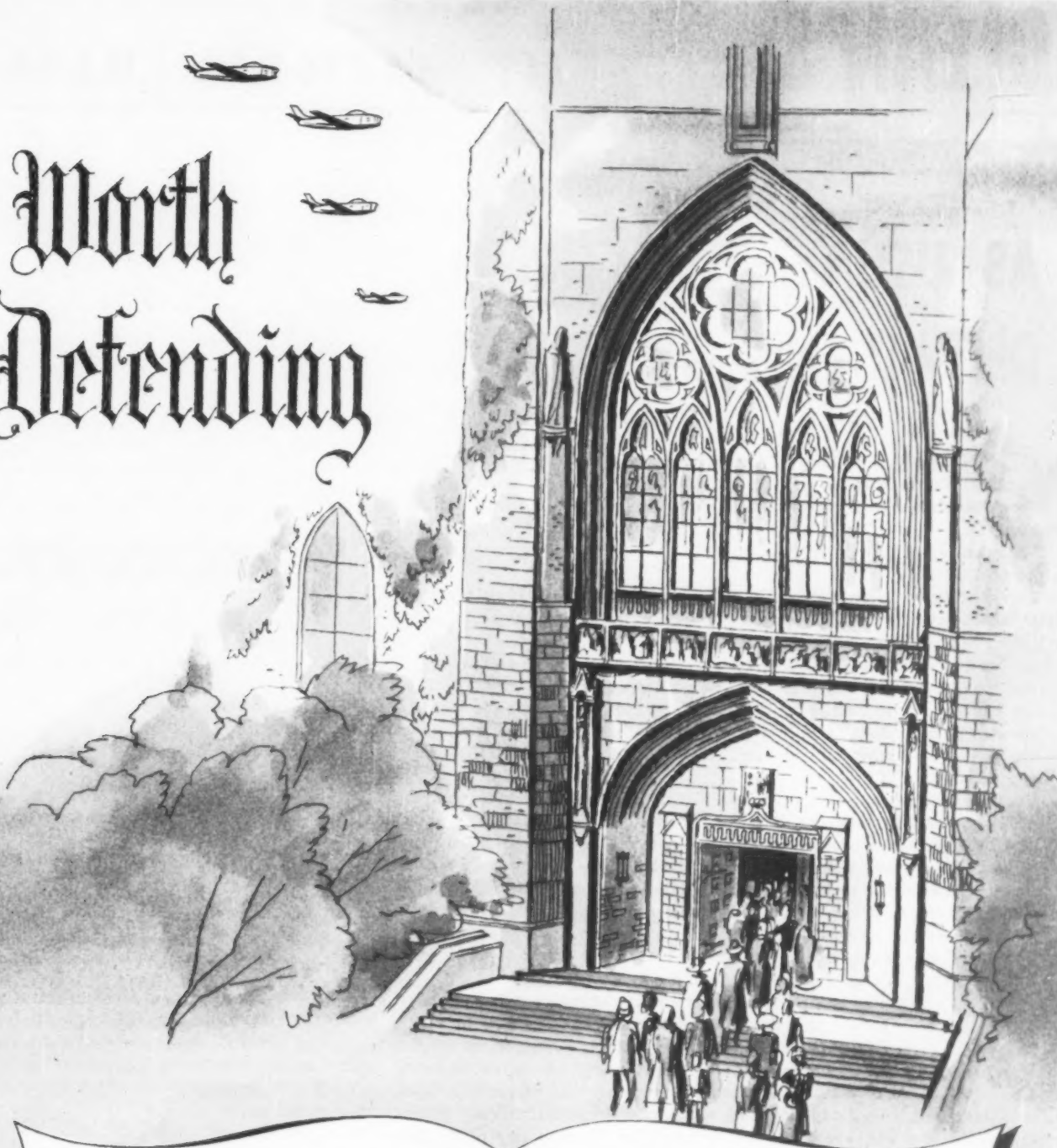
Today, Dunlop's contribution to the task of keeping Canada on the move is evident everywhere you turn—on land and water and in the air. Dunlop products carry coal from the mine, wheat from the elevators, pipe oil into the tankers. There are a dozen Dunlop products in use on today's trains. There are Dunlop products for bicycles, passenger cars, trucks and aircraft—for the modern home too. All these products are made to provide higher standards of safety, comfort and efficiency. And they help keep Canada, its people and its products on the move.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1954

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EDITORIAL

AS USUAL, THE CENSOR
DEFEATS HIS OWN ENDS

WHEN THE Quebec Board of Cinema Censors banned the film Martin Luther, chairman Alexis Gagnon explained the board's reasons. He said the film showed a Pope in a bad light, and this would offend Roman Catholics.

"Whether or not it is historically accurate," said Mr. Gagnon, "is not the point."

This attitude has been common in all times and all creeds. Martin Luther himself would have applauded the principle, though not perhaps this particular application of it. "Heretics are not to be disputed with," he once said, "but must be condemned unheard." (A heretic, of course, was anyone who disagreed with Martin Luther—the Pope was the greatest heretic of all.)

Our own conviction, reinforced by this Quebec incident, is that the censor's effort is worse than futile, it's self-defeating. With the best intentions Mr. Gagnon and his intellectual kin, in all creeds, do infinite harm to the causes they wish to defend.

One prejudice is common to every ideological division that sunders human kind. Communist and democrat, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Big-Indian and Little-Indian all believe one thing about each other. They all believe the other poor devils are prevented from learning the truth.

Any act that seems to confirm this prejudice is a bad thing for the side it's intended to serve. It has, for one thing, a negative effect on those of neutral mind. Since we're all accustomed to think suppression is carried out by those with whom we disagree, and never by ourselves, the mere act of suppression is *prima-facie* evidence to most people that the suppressors are in the wrong.

That's why Senator McCarthy and his ilk are doing such a service to Communism—particularly in the realm of higher education. Few students with brains enough to get into a university would any longer be convinced by the record or the arguments of Communism itself—the party line is too tortuous. But when there is such ostentatious alarm that anyone who was ever a Communist should teach anybody anything anywhere; when the mildest dissent becomes evidence of treason, then the intelligent but uninformed student may well infer that Communist doctrine has some powerful appeal. In any case, it's hardly flattering to American youth to suggest it cannot withstand the faintest hint of Leftist opinion.

In banning Martin Luther the Quebec censors laid the Roman Catholics of Quebec open to the same inference. According to the censor's reasoning, their faith is so unstable, so ill-grounded, it would be shaken by the knowledge that the clergy of the sixteenth century tolerated some rather unsavory practices—a fact well-known to St. Ignatius Loyola, among others, but not to be hinted to the film-goers of Quebec.

If this censor's notion were true the Roman Catholic Church could not be a vast and vigorous faith throughout the world. The censor, as usual, made his own cause appear feeble, vulnerable and timid.

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"I can't

see it!

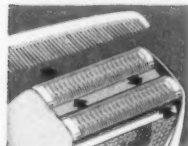
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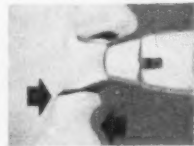
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When should a child first go to the dentist?

WHEN a child is about three years old, he should visit the dentist. This may seem quite young, but authorities say it is generally the best age to introduce a child to dental care.

In most cases, little if any treatment is needed during the first visit. This appointment, however, is important because it gives the child an opportunity to become acquainted with the dentist and his office. It also helps to build the child's confidence so that future visits may be less likely to cause fear and anxiety.

Authorities recommend dental examinations for a child at least twice a year after he is three years old. This enables the dentist to detect any small cavities in the so-called "baby teeth" and fill them promptly. If this is not done, decay will progress with possible early loss of these "baby teeth." This in turn may result in irregularities or crookedness in the permanent teeth.

When the first permanent molars appear, around age six, dental check-ups are particularly necessary. Though these molars may be mistaken for "baby teeth," they are a part of the permanent set, and if they are lost, nature will not replace them. Prompt repair of weak spots or surface cracks in the six-year molars is essential for their preservation.

Good dental health requires more than regular visits to the dentist. Diet, for example, plays an important part in keeping children's teeth and gums healthy. Daily care of the teeth and gums is also essential to good dental health. Dentists say that all children should be taught to brush their teeth within ten minutes after every meal, for at least three minutes at a time.

Tooth decay is largely a disease of the young. Dental authorities state that many children, entering the first grade, have teeth so badly decayed that extraction is required.

Fortunately, the prospect of reducing tooth decay has been improved by sodium fluoride treatments. These require four visits to the dentist at weekly intervals, and involve nothing more than applying the chemical directly to the children's teeth.

Dentists recommend that these treatments be given when children are three, seven, ten, and thirteen years of age. Studies show that after four treatments with sodium fluoride, decay in children's teeth may decrease as much as 40 percent.

Adults, too, should visit the dentist regularly, have defects promptly repaired, keep the teeth clean, and eat well-balanced meals. These safeguards are important because it has been established that there is a relationship between the health of teeth and gums, and general health.

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Should White Marry Black?

THE BRITISH shrugged their shoulders when the announcement appeared in the newspapers. After all Sir Stafford Cripps must have been a bit mad or why did he become a socialist? Therefore why should not his daughter be mad as well?

The announcement, which caused such a raising of eyebrows, was to the effect that Miss Cripps, a woman in her early thirties with a fair amount of money, had become engaged to an African who had been studying in London. As soon as the marriage had taken place the married couple would leave for Africa to live with the husband's friends and relations.

Naturally the cameras were on the job when the wedding took place and we were regaled with pictures of a pleasant-faced British woman looking lovingly at her coal-black husband. Then they sailed for his home and we all forgot about it.

"Racial equality is a policy put forward by nations that have no color problem," said a wise man recently, nor was he being merely cynical. The British have no color problem within the confines of the United Kingdom but they have a huge and growing one in the Colonial Empire.

The Americans have it on their doorstep. Though time has cast its mellowing spell upon the southern states there is still an acute division between the black and the white. The Ku Klux Klan which was born with high ideals is now a weapon of sheer intolerance. Again we have to guard ourselves from prejudice either way. Undoubtedly there have been occasions in recent years when the Ku Klux Klan inflicted summary and deserved punishment. But in a civilized state you cannot place the duty of punishment upon the individual or a sect. The law must be carried out by the lawmakers—and by them alone.

We sometimes smile at the Americans for their veneration of Abraham Lincoln. As a race they are not given to undue enthusiasm for their political leaders but when it comes to Lincoln they go all starry-eyed. And what courage the man must have had when he declared that America could not live as a nation half slave and half free.

What a tremendous pronouncement that was! The South had been built up on cheap black labor and with a strict demarcation between black and white. That did not mean that there were no good employers in the South. Part of the problem that Lincoln faced was the existence of many kind plantation owners who were deeply loved by their workers. The war of liberation would be pointed at the good and bad slaveowner alike. To right a great wrong Lincoln knew that he would have to inflict suffering and even ruin upon the good as well as the bad.

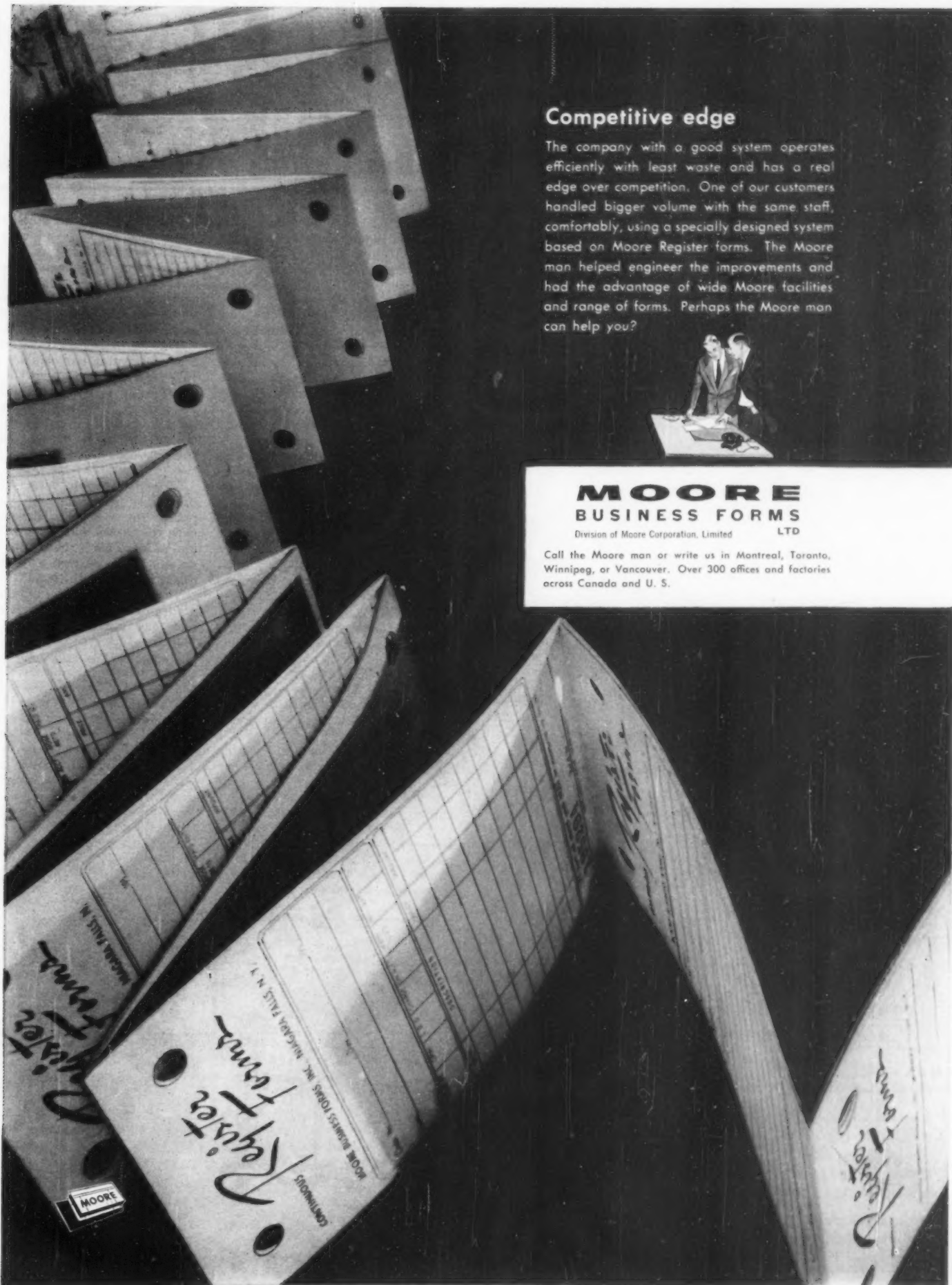
In Britain there was also a situation which was complicated by self-interest. Many families, including that of William Gladstone himself, made their money from the slave trade. Those were lush days for the British, a fact which makes the anti-slavery campaign of Wilberforce all the more splendid. This fine man, although poor in health, was rich in courage and purpose. His carrying through of the Anti-Slavery Bill in 1823 was more than the lighting of a candle. Because of Wilberforce it was possible for Lincoln to light the flaming torch that was to irradiate history and create a united nation out of the conflicting elements of the North and South.

Yet the conferring of freedom upon individuals does not destroy the basic causes which denied them freedom for so long. On Christmas Day 1952 I visited Sing Sing through the courtesy of Governor Dewey. There were about six hundred prisoners there (including the Rosenbergs) and at least seventy-five percent were Negroes. These poor creatures with shuffling steps and ignorant faces were not all criminals by instinct. But in the white man's country they found so many avenues closed to them that they were forced to menial tasks with the lowest standards of pay. Lincoln had made it possible for them to be born free but not even Lincoln could guarantee them freedom of opportunity or equality of reward. The guns have long

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Peggy Cripps and law student Appoin after London ceremony last July 18.



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Put into a well greased pan, sprinkle some grated cheese over top, and place in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Serves six.

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

Dulles Baffles An Uneasy Europe

NATO ALLIES are unhappy, as usual, about the foreign policy of the United States. This in spite of the fact that U. S. spokesmen are saying now what the British, French, Canadians and others were saying this time last year.

In those days, when John Foster Dulles had just become Eisenhower's Secretary of State, his theme was immediate and strenuous effort. Europe must do more. Dulles caused a lot of irritation by his self-righteous homilies to countries which already were doing more than they wanted to do. The British and French replied by pointing out the need for staying power, the danger of a premature sprint.

Now it's Dulles and his men who talk of the "long pull," and the need to set a pace that can be kept up. Instead of applauding this apparent conversion to their views, the other allies look at it with undiminished suspicion.

To an American it must seem that they merely want Uncle Sam to go on carrying the load. Slow-but-sure is a fine motto for them, but not for the U. S. The U. S. should go right on arming itself and everybody else to the teeth. At the U. S. taxpayers' expense, naturally.

There may be some truth in this. No other NATO country, and certainly not Canada, is putting as much into the common defense pool as the United States, and criticism of the U. S. for slackening its effort does come with poor grace from the rest of us. But not all of the concern about American policy springs from such narrowly selfish reasons.

DULLES' NEW EMPHASIS on the "long pull" is not the only voice audible from Washington. Other references to cut-downs, pull-backs and level-offs have been popping up all over the place. With them has come a frequent emphasis on "retaliation" as the real basis of American strategy.

This terrifies Western Europe. All the continental partners of NATO have already been through the dismal sequence of invasion, occupation and liberation. They don't want to go through it again. But they can see no other end result of an American strategy of withdrawal and retaliation.

Of course the alternative everyone prefers is neither garrison nor reprisal, but a negotiated settlement with the Soviet bloc that will bring real peace. This is the United States' sincere desire as well as everybody else's. Unhappily the NATO partners have small confidence in Dulles' skill at negotiation, and what faith they had has not increased in recent months.

Just before Christmas, for example, Dulles made an admirable speech to the NATO meeting in Paris. It was delivered in secret but it needn't have been, for it would have done European listeners good. He explained with perfect tact but also with perfect clarity the American policy dilemma—the necessity of satisfying Congress, which holds the purse strings, that a generous policy of U. S. aid was paying tangible dividends.

Dulles went straight from that secret meeting, at which French delegates had applauded his speech, to a press

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Cartoon by Grossick

What's news at Inco*?

Inco makes worthless ore pay off



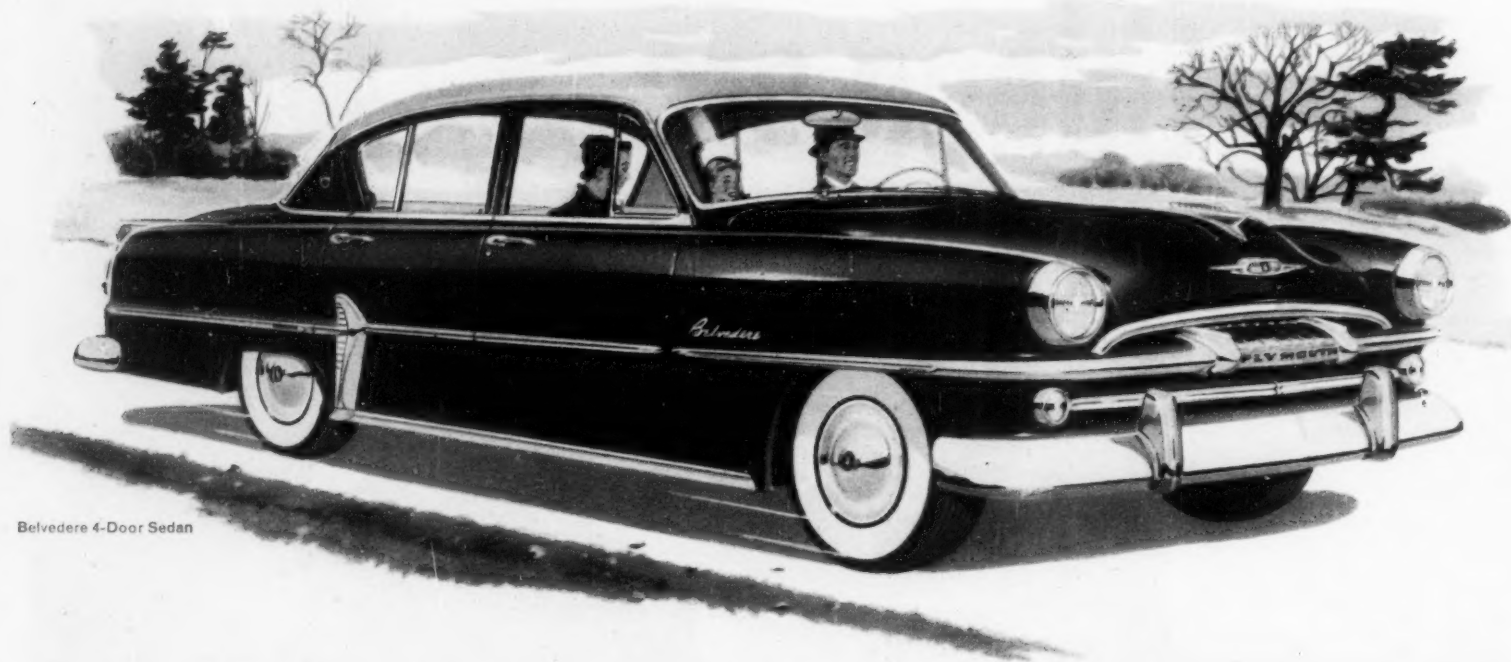
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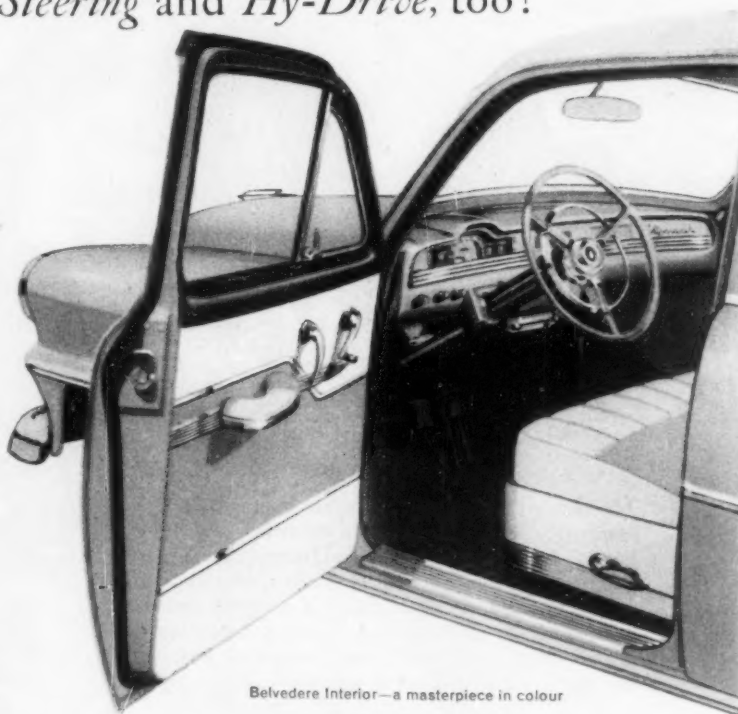
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1954

John Tunney's Stubborn Fight for Justice



John Tunney and the evidence that helped him build his case. Nearly a hundred exhibits were filed.

Here is the it-can't-happen-here story of how a pro-union Winnipeg milkman spent seven years and thousands of dollars battling the union leaders who cost him his job. Even when he won a judgment the International vice-president shouted, "I don't give a damn what the Canadian court said; it doesn't mean a thing to me"

By **SIDNEY KATZ** Photographs by Paul Rockett

ON MONDAY, October 19, 1953, John Evers Tunney, 727 Weatherdon Avenue, Winnipeg, got home from work at the customary hour of six o'clock.

Before he had a chance to say hello to Gabrielle, his wife, the phone rang. The caller was Dave Buick, a milkman with whom Tunney had once worked at the Crescent Creamery. He was obviously excited.

"You've won your case, Tunney . . . you've won your case," Buick said. "I've just heard it at the dairy."

The news left Tunney speechless for a few seconds. When he could talk again, he asked,

"You're sure? You're absolutely sure? You're not pulling my leg?"

"It's true, Tunney!" came the reply. "You've won your case."

Gabrielle found him dazed and pale, still clutching the phone. After leading him to his favorite stuffed chair in the living room, she asked softly, "What's happened John?" Tunney repeated, unbelievably, "I've won my case . . . I've won my case . . . I've won my case."

Thus, forty-two-year-old John Tunney learned that he had successfully sued his union, Winnipeg Local 119 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America, an American Federation of Labor affiliate.

Tunney's emotional reaction to the news of his momentous victory was not hard to understand. His fight with the Teamsters was a modern version of the encounter between David and Goliath. With more than one million members, the Teamsters are not only the largest union in North America, they also have the reputation of being one of the roughest and toughest. *Continued on next page*

A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

THESE MEN WERE INVOLVED IN EVENTS WHICH THE JUDGE CALLED "HARD TO BELIEVE"



Edmund Houle, a business agent for the huge Teamsters' Union, largest on the continent, completely dominated Local 119's executive.



John Tunney, determined that he wouldn't be "kicked around," gathered his own evidence. He called it "real cloak-and-dagger stuff."



S. L. Brennan, International vice-president of the Teamsters, told a meeting he didn't "give a damn what the Canadian court said."

Tunney's struggle with the union started in 1946 when, as a driver for Crescent Creamery, he began to stand up at meetings and criticize the executive for sloppy administration, misappropriation of union funds and carrying on in a dictatorial manner. The particular object of Tunney's criticism was Edmund Houle, the local's fifty-five-year-old business agent and secretary-treasurer.

For his trouble, Tunney was indefinitely suspended from the union before being given a hearing and, because of a closed-shop agreement the union had with his employer, fired from his job without notice. When the local executive and the international headquarters of the Teamsters refused to give Tunney what he considered a fair hearing, he carried his case to the civil courts. "The whole thing became an obsession with me," says Tunney. "No one has ever been able to kick me around."

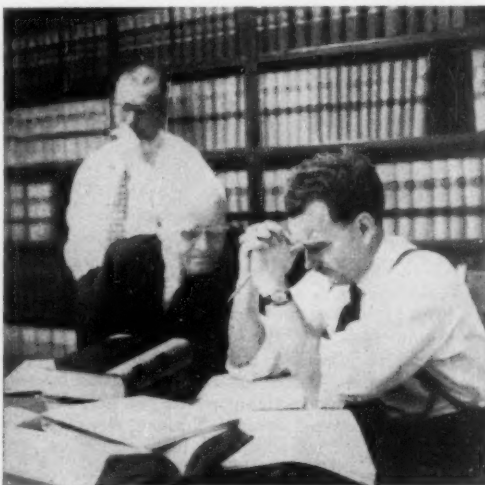
John Tunney has always been tough and stubborn. As a twelve-year-old boy in a coal mining town in Yorkshire, he beat up a seventeen-year-old youth who had swiped his kid brother's cigarette cards. At fifteen he was working underground in the coal mine as an "onsetter"—pushing loaded coal cars from the tracks on to the elevator—and by the time he was sixteen no one would box with him at the local gymnasium. He came to Canada shortly after his seventeenth birthday and worked in Ontario as a farm laborer, lunch-counter attendant, construction worker and masseur. In March 1934, he settled in Winnipeg and went to work as a driver for the Crescent Creamery. Now forty-two, Tunney is a squarely built, powerful man with a ruddy complexion, broad face and deep-set steely eyes. His voice is quiet and he still retains some of his Yorkshire accent. He likes talking and he's fond of people—a combination that made him a successful milk salesman.

To win his seven-year fight Tunney was forced to make many personal and economic sacrifices. Almost singlehandedly he had to collect concrete evidence to prove his charges that the union executive was behaving improperly. Out of a job and without savings, he borrowed money from friends and relatives to live on while he gathered his facts and figures. Barred from one of the dairies, he got to a man he wanted to see by forcing open a storage-room window and crawling through. To reach as many union members as possible, he spent countless hours in clubs, beer parlors and restaurants where they hung out. Threatened by reprisals, old union friends began to snub Tunney on the street. When he walked

into a beer parlor they would scurry away for fear a stool pigeon would carry word to Houle that they had been associating with Tunney. At times, Tunney had to arrange meetings with groups of union friends at out-of-the-way places. The men would arrive and depart singly to avoid detection. "It was real cloak-and-dagger stuff," says Tunney.

To continue his struggle for justice, Tunney had to change the pattern of his family life. He sold his second-hand green Austin for four hundred dollars and gave up curling, cricket and summer vacations. Anonymous callers phoned in the middle of the night, threatening him "to lay off the union, or else . . ." Because mysterious strangers were sometimes seen lurking near his home, Tunney gave orders to his wife never to open the door to anyone except close friends. For a period he was away from home so much that his wife seriously threatened to leave him. "You're no longer a husband or father," she told him, pointing out that he hadn't seen his four children for almost two weeks. Tunney appealed to her. "I just can't give this thing up. Someone has got to put a stop to this monkey business." His wife realized how much this fight for justice meant to him and stuck by him.

Before his battle with the union was over,



Seventy-five-year-old Lewis St. George Stubbs, famed Winnipeg lawyer, worked feverishly with son Gerald while Tunney pondered in background.

Tunney estimates that he spent fourteen hundred dollars in cash as well as losing additional thousands in wages. The lawsuit with Local 119 has also been costly for Tunney's lawyer, seventy-five-year-old Lewis St. George Stubbs. Stubbs, who all his life has championed the underdog, has paid out about one thousand dollars in legal charges in addition to spending some fifteen thousand dollars' worth of his time. His lawyer-son, Gerald, has also spent a good deal of time on the case. Both Stubbs and his son have yet to receive a penny for their services. Before Tunney's lawsuit ended, there were almost one hundred exhibits, scores of witnesses and thousands of pages of testimony which gave the Canadian public a revealing picture of Local 119's irregular behavior.

The one-hundred-and-fourteen-paragraph judgment handed down by Chief Justice Esten Kenneth Williams of the Court of Queen's Bench, Winnipeg, says of some of the evidence, "It is hard to believe that this could have happened in Canada." Finding the union guilty of the charges Tunney made against it, he singled out for castigation Tunney's chief tormentor, business agent Edmund Houle. The executive, said the Chief Justice, carried on "under the domination of Houle." He described Houle as a witness "entirely unworthy of belief" and stated that "no strictures I could pass on him would be unmerited and too severe." His Lordship ordered Houle to account for eighteen thousand dollars of missing union funds. He awarded five thousand dollars' damages to Tunney.

Anti-labor sentiment played no part in the struggle between John Tunney and Local 119. Tunney has been a strong supporter of labor ever since he joined the Yorkshire Miners' Union as a boy of fifteen. Stubbs has been strongly sympathetic to unions as a lawyer, judge and as a member of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly. The witnesses who appeared to give testimony against Local 119 were either members or ex-members of the local who believed in unionism. But all these people were vigorously opposed to the slipshod manner in which the affairs of Local 119 were being conducted.

John Tunney became suspicious of Local 119's business methods shortly after he started working for Crescent Creamery as a milkman in March 1934. He was approached by a stranger who said, "I'm the union business agent. I want ten bucks for your initiation and three bucks for your first month's dues." Tunney had planned to join the union so he handed over the thirteen dollars to

the agent who put it in his pocket and walked away. "Wait a minute," said Tunney, "when I pay money I want a receipt. How about a properly stamped due book?" The agent was nonplused. "What the hell," he said, "nobody around here bothers with books." Tunney insisted on having his money back. "No proper receipt, no money," he said. The next day the agent returned with a properly receipted book.

Receipting procedure came up repeatedly before the Tunney case was ended. The Teamsters' constitution provides that every member should be supplied with a small red book known as a due book. There's a space for an initiation stamp and a space for a dues stamp for each month of the year. When a member pays his initiation fee or his monthly dues, the business agent is supposed to fix a stamp in the proper place and cancel it out with the union cancellation mark plus his own signature. These stamps are obtained from International headquarters and cost thirty cents each, or ten percent of the three dollar monthly dues. It is from them that the International office can keep track of its membership and derives its revenue.

After paying dues for five months, Tunney had yet to receive a single copy of the union's monthly magazine. This led him to suspect that his joining the union was not officially recorded in the union books since each new member reported to the head office was automatically placed on the subscription list. He mentioned the matter to the agent. "Somebody must have slipped," the agent explained. "I'll give you my copy after I'm through

with it." But Tunney was aware that many other members were not receiving their magazine.

In 1938, a young milk driver named Donald Sinclair complained to Tunney that he had been thrown out of the union and hence automatically fired from his job at the dairy. He didn't know why except that he had openly criticized the agent. Tunney asked Sinclair to accompany him to the offices of Local 119 where they confronted the agent. "I've been paying my dues and I want to see my name in the ledger," said Tunney. The agent refused. "We've never shown the books to members and we don't intend to start now," he said. Tunney then asked why Sinclair had been fired. The agent side-stepped the question by offering Sinclair his job back, telling him he could have any milk route he wanted. Tunney too was offered a better milk route. "It became obvious that this fellow was frightened," says Tunney.

There Were Shouts of "Shut Up!"

The business agent's unusual actions finally led fifteen members—including Tunney—to call a rump meeting at which his conduct was discussed. The ultimate result was this agent's departure from the union.

In August 1940 Tunney joined the Royal Canadian Navy. He spent the next five years on convoy duty as a radio telegrapher. In November 1945 he returned to his job at Crescent Creamery.

According to Tunney, a few days after he had

returned to his job, Edmund Houle showed up at his home. Houle had become the union's business agent and secretary-treasurer during Tunney's absence. "I want to talk to you privately," he told Tunney. The two men went into the kitchen and closed the door. Houle produced a bottle of rye. After a drink and a few pleasantries, he became very serious. "I want you to back me in the union," he said. Tunney pointed out that he only had one vote, the same as any other member. "One vote—yes," said Houle, "but you have a following." Tunney said he would certainly back Houle if he did his job as business agent honestly and efficiently but that if he didn't "I'll be the first one to go after you."

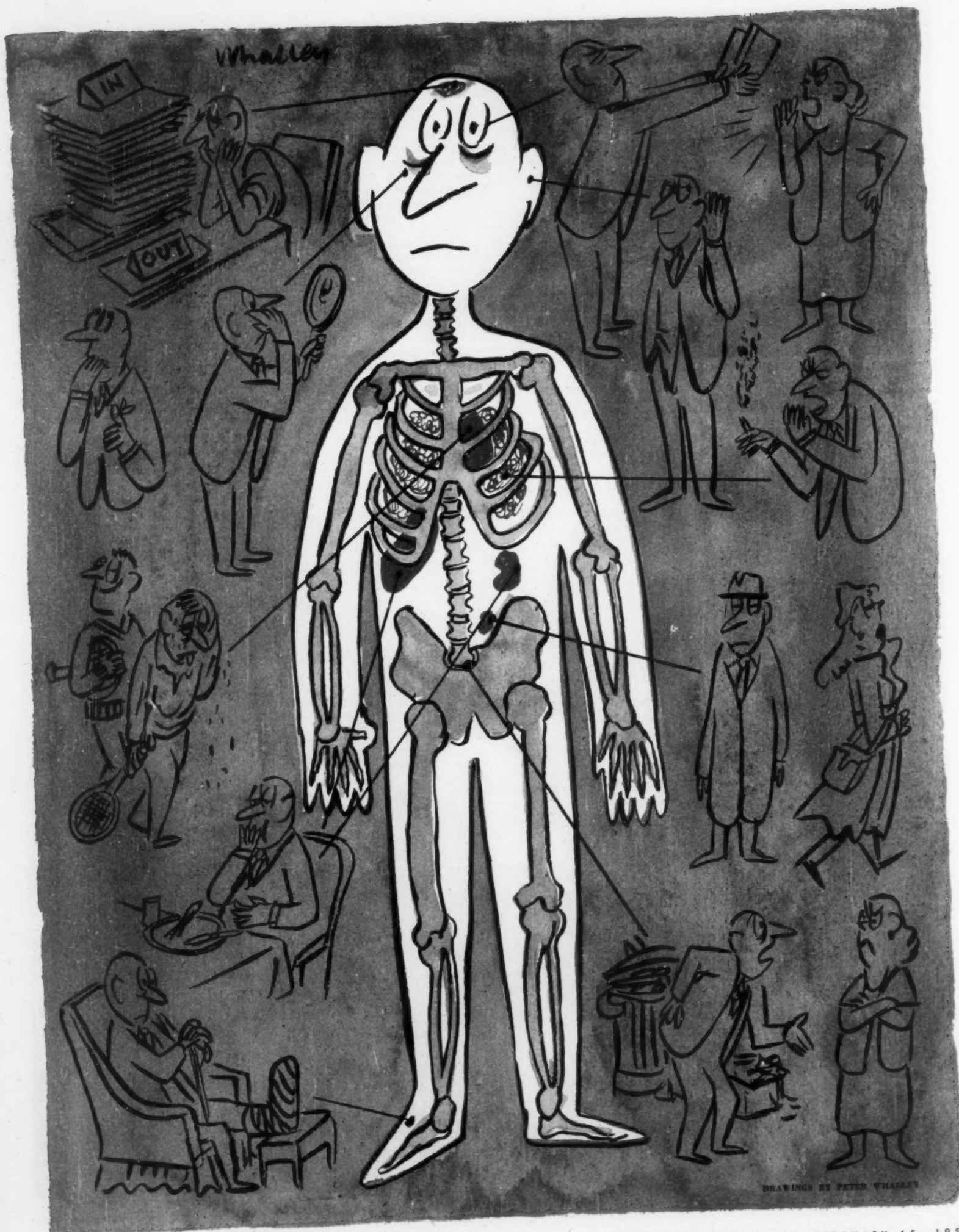
Houle persisted: "I want you to support me, Tunney. I can get you on the executive." Tunney became angry at this proposal and ordered Houle out of his house. "After Houle left," says Tunney, "I figured that things must be in pretty bad shape or he wouldn't have come to me with that request."

Within a few months, various union members came to Tunney bearing strange tales. Several members were paying dues but had neither due books nor any other form of receipt. In his personal dealings with members, Houle was often discourteous and dictatorial. He would sometimes shout "Shut up!" to members who disagreed with him at meetings or tell them that they were stupid and didn't know what they were talking about. At a meeting at which he presided on September 16, 1940, Houle had played an important part in having the

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His family sacrificed much during Tunney's long case but when he'd won his fight, Eileen, Brian, Ethel, his wife Gabrielle, and Audrey were ecstatic.



Do you know how old you really are?

By N. J. BERRILL *Professor of Zoology, McGill University*

When your age is forty your heart might be fifty, your liver thirty-five, your arteries sixty. New atom-age tests make a liar of the calendar by showing how some parts of your body wear out faster than others

IN SPITE of popular belief, life really doesn't begin at forty. It begins the day you are conceived and from then on, for nine years or ninety, you grow up and you grow old. Celebrating birthdays is a pleasant convention but it doesn't tell much about your real age. When there are twenty-six candles on the cake, your heart could be thirty-two, your arteries pushing forty, your muscles a flexible twenty-two and your brain nineteen.

The process of growing old is different for different parts of the body, and faster in some persons than others, yet for everyone it's irreversible. You can't hope to recapture that first fine careless rapture of seventeen though you may indulge in wise and witty speculation on its meaning at eighty. As Shakespeare put it: "From hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale."

The tale is you and me. We grow old. The important question is: how soon? Most of us count off the years with a calendar and time with a clock. Calendar and clock are fine for sowing spring gardens and catching trains but they tell us little about our actual age. The time we live is measured by a beating heart rather than a ticking clock. And by this, the really essential yardstick, most of us never know how old we really are.

The heart beats according to its own measure, with a rest after every beat, for as long as we live. When it stops, we stop. With each beat we grow a little bit older, and according to this reckoning we paradoxically grow older faster the younger we are. At birth the heart beats one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty times a minute and is already slowing down. At twenty-five it levels off at about seventy per minute. This pace is then kept throughout most of adult life, although it will rise again at the age of ninety-five to about eighty per minute.

Does the heart beat a certain number of times and then stop from sheer exhaustion? If so, we would have a fair index of age: you would be middle-aged in the true biological sense of time when the heart had beat half of the total number of times it was destined to beat, as it does in certain lower animals. Yet if we apply the principle to humans it places middle age closer to thirty than to forty. In fact, if we look for the peak of performance of the heart and circulatory system from the point of view of adaptability and capacity for effort we find it at about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

As you grow older the heart sends forth less blood with each beat and becomes progressively less efficient as a pump. Accordingly, for a certain degree of exertion, the older heart has to beat faster than the younger one just to keep up the same flow of blood. There is another limitation. As the heart grows older the ceiling for the pulse rate becomes lower. Under conditions of stress the older heart cannot beat either fast enough or powerfully enough to allow the body to do what it may have done some years before without discomfort.

The heart is only part of the picture of ageing. The arteries are just as important, for arterial elasticity or the lack of it can help or hinder the flow of blood upon its way. "A man is as old as his arteries" is an old saying but it is only since the atom bomb exploded that we have had any accurate way of telling how old the arteries are. Now it is possible to inject a radioactive tracer into the bloodstream and in thirty-five minutes get a number that is an accurate indication of artery age. A small amount of radioactive sodium salt is injected into a vein in the arm and a Geiger counter is put over the chest to check on radioactivity as the substance flows through that region. This shows the rate at which blood flows through the great strategic vessels—twenty seconds in a healthy and normal man of twenty. In males of forty the time is doubled, and tripled for those of sixty. After twenty the time increases a second for every year.



Lots of water in adult life may help keep you fresh and pink all over, with a sparkle in your eye.

According to tests made with some three hundred persons, the artery age of women is about five years lower than that of men of the same calendar age, which may well account for the fact that women on the average live a few years longer than men.

Yet more important is the way in which the test can be used to warn patients of possible hardening of the arteries, heart attacks and apoplectic strokes. It shows that people suffering from premature artery hardening may have an artery age of fifty or sixty though their chronological age be only forty.

Artery condition is important but is no more than the measure of a weak link and does not in itself indicate fitness or lack of fitness. According to John H. Lawrence, of the University of California, a man is as old as his ability to expel nitrogen from the blood. Like the artery age indicator this fact was discovered by means of radioactive tracers.

About a liter of gaseous nitrogen is dissolved in the body fluids of the average adult living at sea level. Gaseous nitrogen is inert, but a certain amount is held in the blood in equilibrium with the nitrogen in the atmosphere. The total amount of nitrogen stays constant, but there is a steady turnover of the nitrogen molecules of the surface of the lung. The rate at which this exchange takes place is a good index of the total efficiency of the lungs and the circulatory system.

The human guinea pigs in these experiments inhaled small amounts of radioactive nitrogen as tracer material. Lawrence determined how fast they eliminated nitrogen by collecting the exhaled gases and counting the tagged atoms with a Geiger counter. The older a person is the slower the nitrogen turnover. Youngsters of fifteen, at the cardiovascular performance peak, eliminated half the gas in only a few minutes, while persons of sixty-five or older took as long as five hours. Obviously much more than artery age is being measured, something much closer to the total efficiency of the human machinery. Patients in poor physical condition for instance had abnormally slow turnover rates.

In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the noted American jurist, "We must all be born again atom by atom from hour to hour, or perish all at once beyond repair." It is true, and investigations at present being conducted at several Canadian universities, employing radioactive phosphorus, carbon, calcium, iodine and sulphur obtained from the atomic energy

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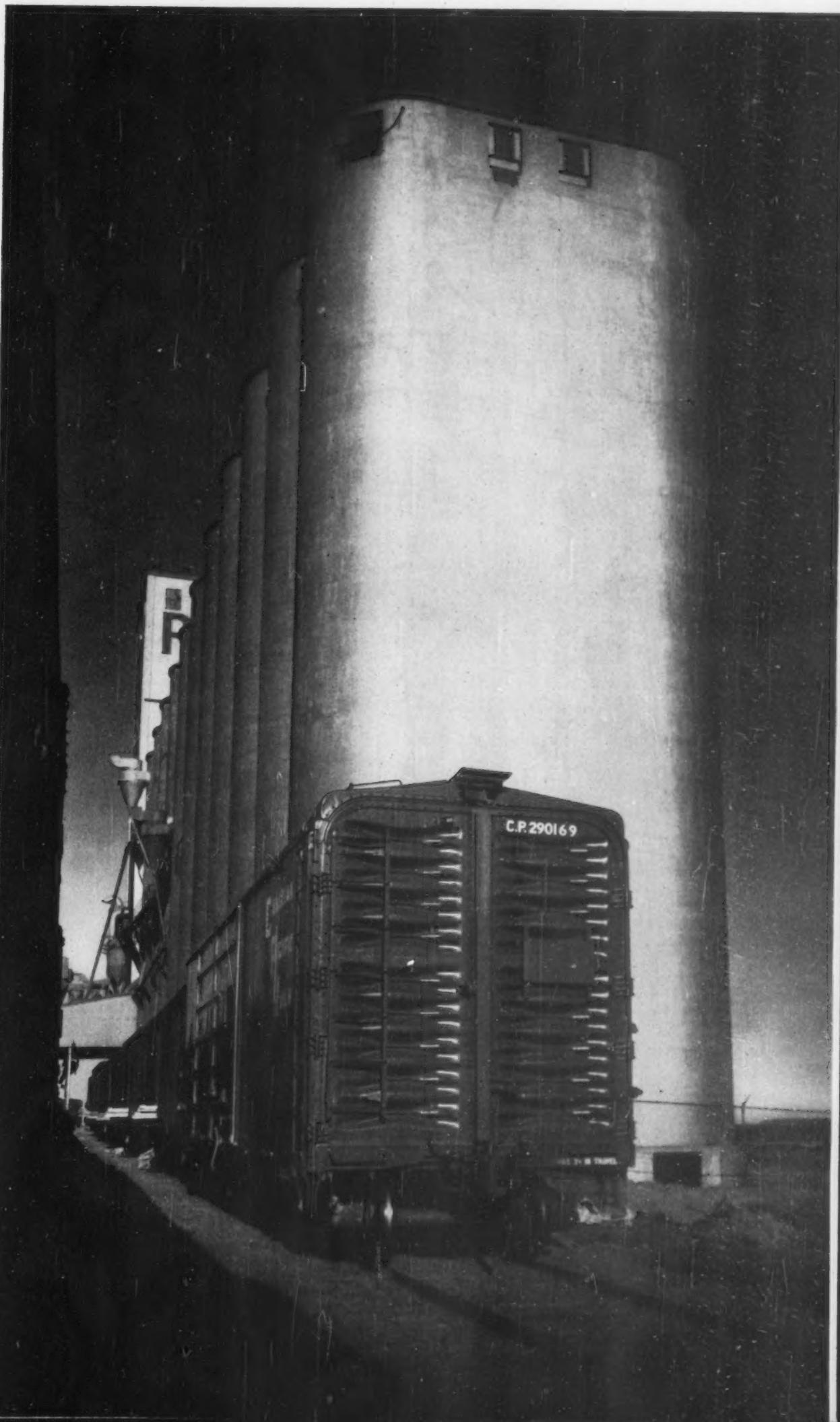
Tons of iron ore from Steep Rock mines roll across mile-long trestle. In the background is the city of Port Arthur. Karsh made shot from moving crane.

The Lakehead-core of Canada

At Fort William-Port Arthur, where east meets west, Karsh sees raw wealth pour through the giant funnel of the Lakehead

The smooth unwrinkled face of United Grain Growers' elevator gives sense of strength and solidity in this Karsh picture.

AS HIS FINAL selection in this second series of picture essays on Canadian cities, Yousuf Karsh chose the twin Lakehead communities of Fort William and Port Arthur at the head of the great inland water system that bores into the very heart of the continent. Through these two ports pours a ceaseless stream of ore and grain, pulp, paper and fish. The photos on these pages illustrate why, in more ways than one, the cities at the head of the lakes are at the core of the realm. Traditionally, Port Arthur and Fort William are bitter rivals but Karsh, after a lively fishing trip with both the chamber of commerce presidents (John Andrews of Fort William and F. H. Black of Port Arthur), found them the best of neighbors and privately decided that the rivalry was useful mainly for publicity purposes. The Lakehead people, he felt, have "some of the reserve of the east and the open-handedness of the west" while living right at the very centre.







Karsh's Lakehead *continued*

GRAIN



Family elevator forms background for portrait of John Paterson.

Locked inside huge elevators which dominate Lakehead skyline, an entire prairie harvest awaits shipment east

THE ARCHITECTURE of the Lakehead is determined to a great extent by the fact that three hundred million bushels of prairie grain pour through the twin cities every year. In its passage from rail to water the grain is stored in dozens of giant elevators whose total capacity is a staggering eighty-eight million bushels. (Fort William has a somewhat greater elevator capacity than Port Arthur.) The grain elevator, like the log cabin, is one of Canada's few triumphs in native architecture and Karsh has long been fascinated by its sleek and formal beauty which he succeeded in photographing from several intriguing angles. "I treat grain elevators just like cathedrals," Karsh reverently declares.

◀ A long line of grain elevators stands at the end of a park full of white birches like gaunt grey spectres in the morning haze.



Cranes pile stripped lumber in neatly crisscrossed stacks. These are future Canadian telephone poles.

Karsh's Lakehead *continued*

LUMBER AND FISH

A huge Finnish labor force
makes the most of Lakehead's
water and forest resources

BOTH LAKEHEAD CITIES are marked by two strong racial minorities which contribute to the economy and the culture of the area. In Fort William it's Ukrainians; in Port Arthur, Finns. Karsh estimates there are some ten thousand Finns in and around the Lakehead, mainly in the lumbering and fishing industries, as shown in these photographs. To get these pictures Karsh journeyed for a radius of ninety miles around both towns, into the rocky wooded Lake Superior country so familiar to transcontinental train passengers. The first snow of the year was fresh on the ground and Karsh tried to persuade one ageing Finn to indulge in the traditional steam bath and roll in the snow. But the old man shook his head and declined the offer: "I'm too old for that now," he said sadly.



Herring freshly caught from Lake Superior are frozen, awaiting arrival of the fish merchant.



Lumberjacks' poker game looks like movie set but is real thing with folding money on the table.



This is the only steam bath of its kind at Lakehead — a genuine Finnish sauna where clouds of steam are produced by icewater being poured over hot rocks.



Lumberjacks coming in from a hard day's work in marsh country around Lakehead quickly shed layers of boots and wet garments.

Everything is big at the Lakehead—including appetites. Sonny Nelson (at left), son of Lakehead's biggest contractor, joins a lumberjack at afternoon tea.





Lumberjack measures day's output of pulp logs.

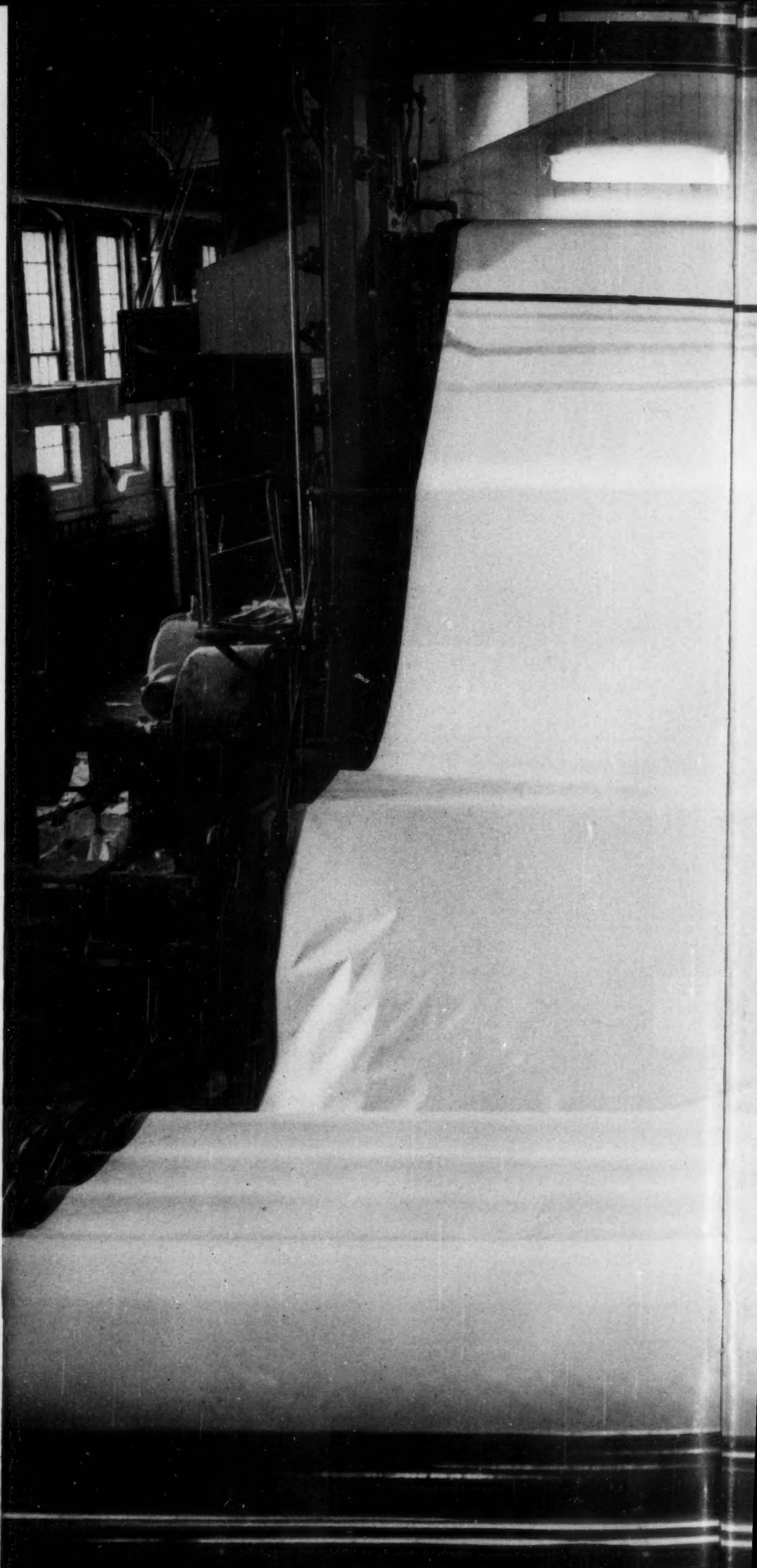
Karsh's Lakehead *continued*

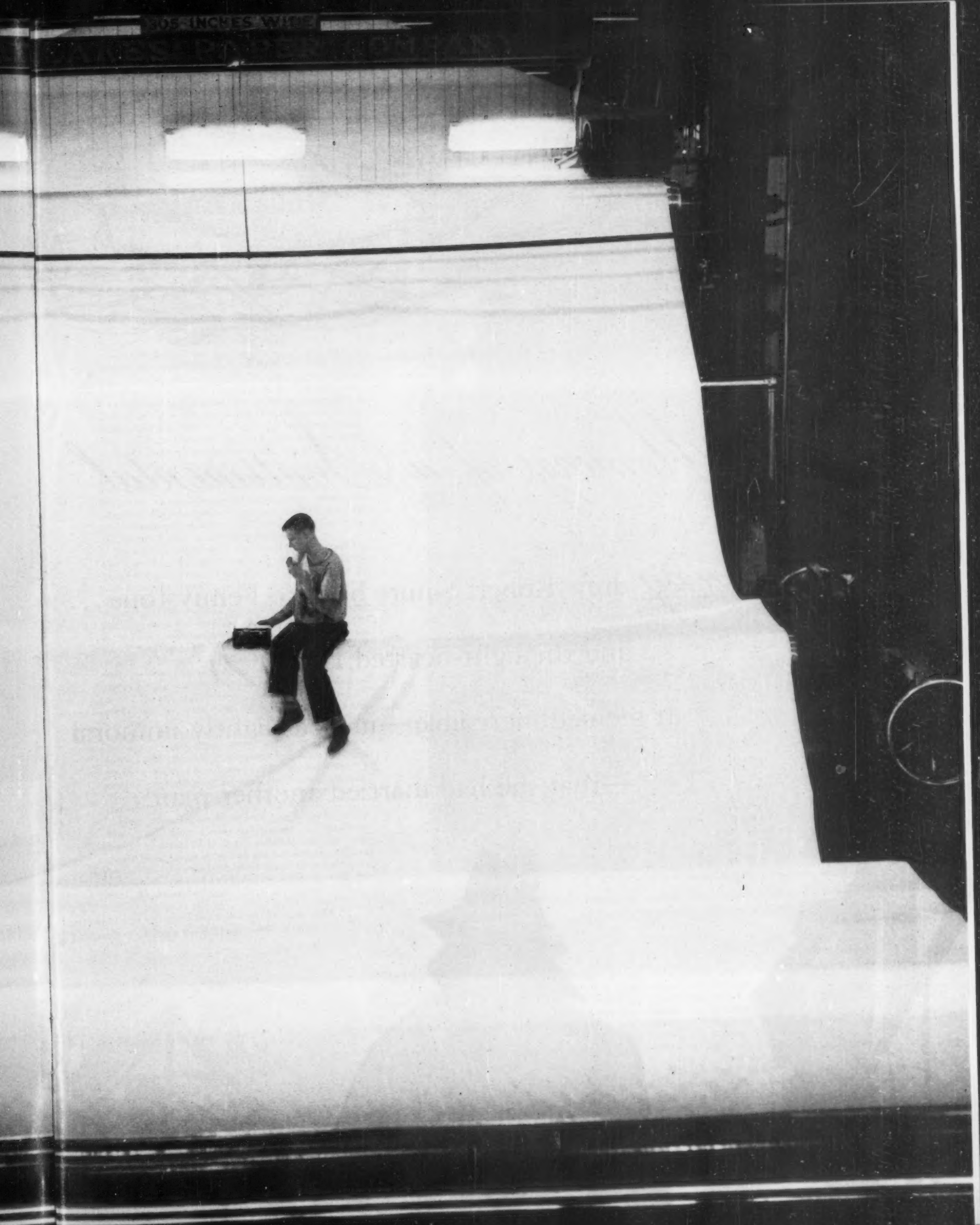
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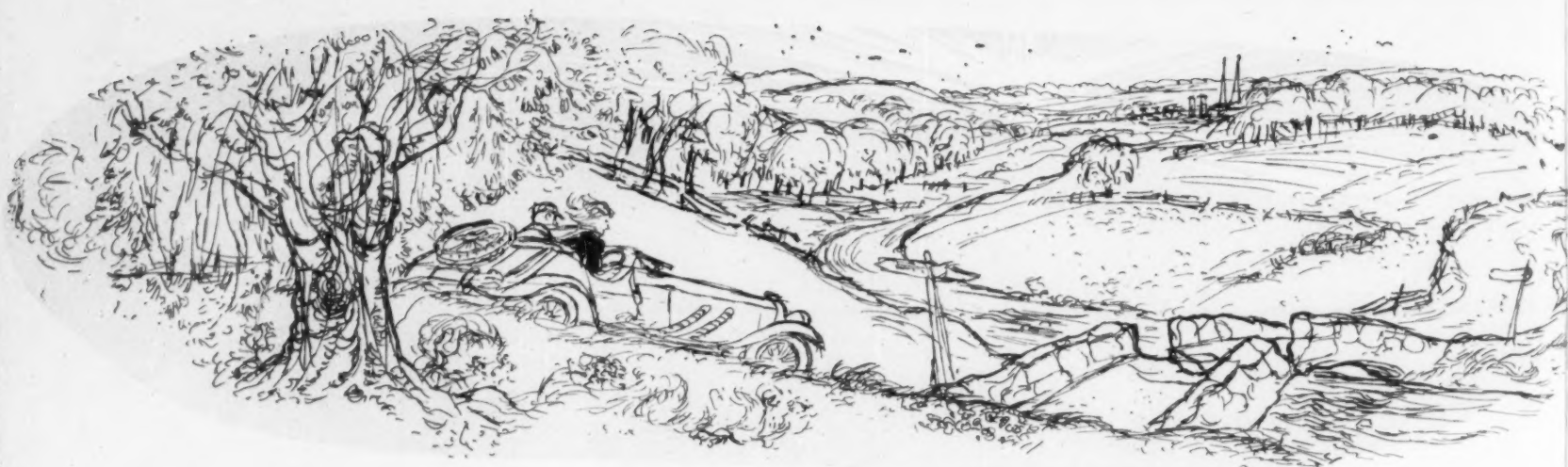
The page on which this is printed is one of millions produced by Lakehead mills

THE HUGE MACHINE at right is seldom still, but Yousuf Karsh managed to catch it in repose during a two-hour repair period one Sunday at lunch. With such equipment, the Great Lakes Paper Co. is able to produce a hundred and fifty-five thousand tons of newsprint a year in a continuous operation from pulp to finished sheet. Finer papers, like Maclean's stock, are produced here and at other plants. ★

This is final inspection at Provincial Paper Ltd. which makes the stock that Maclean's is printed on.





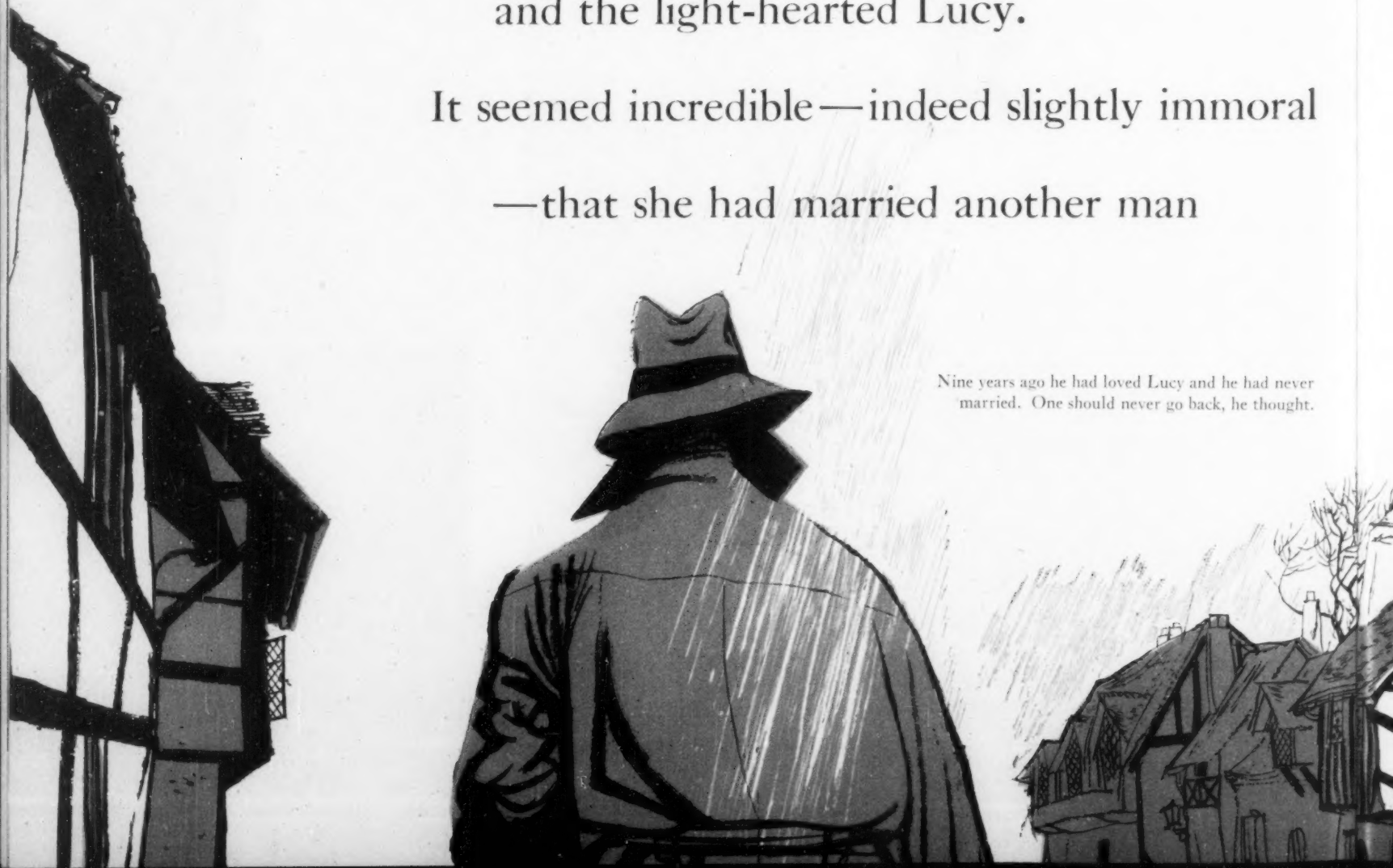


"She'll jump that, won't she?" Lucy had said at the broken bridge. Squire had grave doubts but he said: "Of course."

*The Memory of a Sentimental
Morning* drew Robert Squire back to Fennystone ...
and the light-hearted Lucy.

It seemed incredible—indeed slightly immoral
—that she had married another man

Nine years ago he had loved Lucy and he had never
married. One should never go back, he thought.



BY RONALD R. SMITH

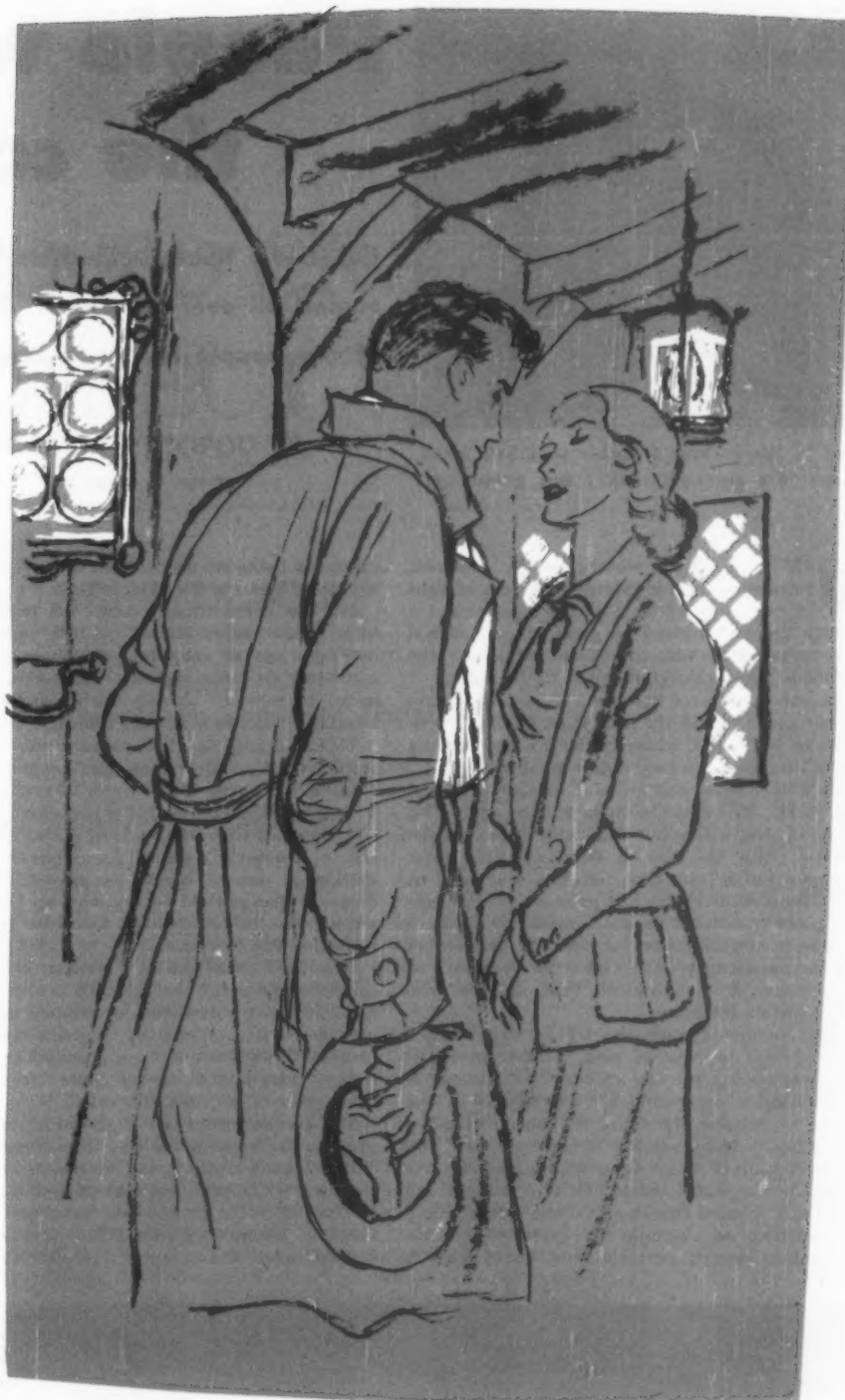
ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

OUT OF A zinc-grey sky rain fell with oppressive resoluteness. Experienced, efficient rain such as probably fell on the twenty-first day of the Deluge, the promise of another nineteen days implicit in every drop.

He tilted his head and squinted at the broken stream of water that trickled from the brim of his hat. During the nine years of his absence he had come to think of this narrow ancient English street—which had supplanted first a Roman and then a Danish street—as a place of soft shadows and a picturesquely decadent sunset glow. It was romanticizing, which he deplored, but as it gave him pleasure he had continued to elaborate the engaging picture of the crazy, beamed and stuccoed fronts, small-paned windows, jutting upper stories, leaning this way and that like two lines of tipsy burghers with here and there a Georgian house, erect, sober but tolerant. Now he saw nothing but patched, botched and ramshackle senility, apathetic under the rain, indifferent to the returning native son.

He made a mocking face at it and lengthened his stride. Not, he was sure now, that the Turk's Head was going to turn out any better than the rest. But he remembered agreeably the long low cavern-like room with its adz-hewn timbers, the highly dramatic etching of Fountains Abbey by Moonlight hanging over the fireplace and the absurd boudoir-style pink shades over the lights. He and Freeman and Scott and Micklethwaite and two or three others—Freeman and Mick killed in the war; the rest, he was pretty certain, dispersed—had spent many gaudy evenings in that room enthusiastically correcting the grosser errors of statesmen, dissecting poets and painters, bawling with laughter at the pretensions of established men of letters and finding considerable fault with the contemporary female. All with interjections from Bella, the barmaid. Bella, with the highbred nose and chin and the plump cheeks of a milkmaid; with her fondness for erudite expressions which she used for comic effect: "If your metaphysical dogmas ever have any metaphysical pupmas I'd like to have one . . ."

His trouser leg began to leak just below the right knee. All around him the patter and swash of water. Pounds of it in his raincoat and hat. He could have taken a taxi at the station but he had preferred—he who took great pains to avoid sentimentality—he had preferred to walk through the rain. He squelched on.



Anybody he thought, bending to kiss her, who allows himself to be reduced to this level of altruism, deserves to get wet, very wet.

The air reeked of wet woolen clothing. Livid tubular lighting had taken the place of the pink shades; the Turk's Head was full of evil-smelling, mauve-faced moribunds. He was glad to think that Bella would no longer be there.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Squire," Bella said and offered him some whisky which he accepted. "I thought you'd gone to South Africa to live."

"No. My parents did."

Bella was totally unchanged except that she was pale mauve and wore a pair of glasses which gave her an air of slightly pained astonishment.

Was he coming back to the town to live? No, he was back to disillusion himself with the place once and for all, just for the week end. She'd bet he was

in London. She won her bet. He enquired if he could have a room for a couple of nights, declined the invitation to see Bessie about inspecting it, and asked her to take care of his small bag. He stood looking down into his whisky, wriggling his toes wetly in his shoes. Bella, he noticed, was wearing a wedding ring.

"You'll be married now, I expect," Bella said.

No. He had been on the move too much since he left the army. South Africa for a little while, then Saigon, later Paris, finally London. He noted his own childish satisfaction in recounting his journeyings. How, he thought, travel narrows the mind.

"You were engaged when you joined the army, weren't you?" she

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Blinded in World War I, Baker says he's lucky. "I didn't lose my sight until I was grown up."

People won't believe the colonel's blind

Col. Eddie Baker helped start a unique organization for the blind. It's copied all over the globe. Baker himself is its best advertisement; lots of the people he meets don't know that his eyes are made of glass

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

Photos by Marcel Ray

WHEN a night watchman in Toronto, pensioned for a leg wound and loss of sight in one eye, fell on a slippery pavement a few years ago and injured his good eye, a hospital doctor operated on him and then hurried to the telephone to make an urgent call to Eddie Baker.

"Can you come over here and be with this man when he comes out of the anaesthetic?" he urged. "If you're with him when he learns he's totally blind for life, the news may not be so hard to take."

Eddie Baker is, of course, Lt. Col. Edwin Albert Baker, OBE, MC and Croix de guerre, managing director of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, who has himself been sightless since a German bullet got him between the eyes at Mount Kemmel in 1915. His presence at the bedside of a newly blinded man can probably do more for him than anything else, for not only does Baker accept the handicap of blindness—he overlooks it. What's more, he's convinced that anyone who wants to can do the same.

People connected with the CNIB say Baker's personal brand of courage and resourcefulness is largely responsible for the growth and success of this remarkable organization. Dedicated to the principle of helping the blind to help themselves and offering a wider variety of services than any other institution of its kind anywhere, the Institute is unique in the world today. Britain has nothing to match it. United States admirers have publicly acclaimed it as an example for Americans, and a rehabilitation centre patterned on the CNIB is

currently being set up in Cairo to serve the hitherto neglected blind of the Middle East.

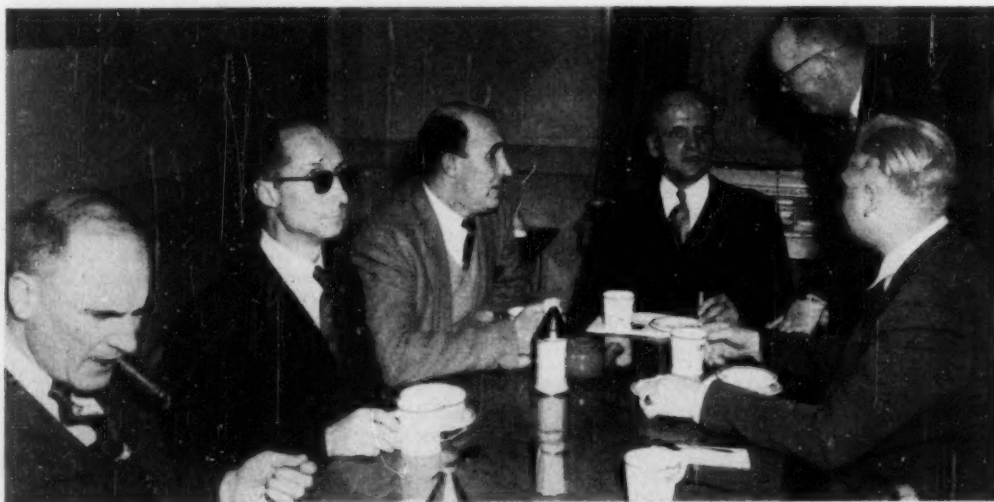
No less extraordinary than the organization is blind Eddie Baker himself—a tall, vigorous, good-looking man of sixty-one of whom a volunteer canvasser once complained, "He makes being blind sound so normal!" Baker neither looks blind, acts blind nor talks as if he were blind.

Unlike many sightless persons who gaze downward with a peculiar "listening" expression, Baker regards the world with a pair of such remarkably keen grey-blue eyes that it is practically impossible to remember they are made of glass. Interviewing him at his home recently I was convinced he was staring at one of my white gloves which I had dropped in a puddle on my way up the walk. So strong was the feeling that I had no peace until I tucked it into my purse.

Montreal artist Lillias Torrance Newton, commissioned to paint the colonel's portrait for Baker Hall, a Toronto residence for blinded war veterans, intended out of sympathy to paint her subject in profile. Then she met him, changed her mind and painted him in striking full face. "That amazing, direct gaze of his!" she marveled.

Unlike the prototype of the blind man, feeling, groping and tapping his way from corner to corner, Baker stands straight and moves confidently. He carries a white cane but seldom uses it. Every inch of the sidewalks around his home on Russell Hill Road in Toronto's Forest Hill is familiar to him—the upgrades, the

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Up at 6.30 every day, including holidays, Baker travels much, holds innumerable conferences. Here, at lunch with his staff in the Blind Institute, he talks with L. G. Williamson, P. E. Stollery, F. J. Woodcock, Baxter Lawley and R. R. Cornell. Woodcock and Cornell have ten percent vision.



Baker carries a white cane but rarely uses it. With welfare worker Mary Clarke and his assistant Grace Worts he sets out for a walk in Toronto.



HE TRIED TO CREATE THE PERFECT WIFE

BY ROBERT OLSON

Decoration by Frank Davies

For the true patron saint of Valentine's consider Thomas Day who searched twenty years for the ideal mate. Why, he even tried to raise an orphan child to be his wife

VALENTINE'S DAY has many saints. But neither the first Saint Valentine, an austere third-century bishop who was martyred in Rome, nor the namesakes who followed him can claim to have any connection with the hearts and flowers that are now traditional. A suitable patron for the fourteenth of February as we know it today would have to be someone from the Romantic movement of the eighteenth century, someone to whom love was life itself, someone like, say, Thomas Day.

Day was not quite a saint, it's true, but his friends called him "the most virtuous man who ever lived" and his enemies could honestly charge him with nothing worse than imprudence. He was a man for whom every day was Valentine's: probably no one else in history fell so completely in love so often.

This walking Valentine, who was born in England in 1748, was an uncompromising monogamist and knowing that he would make no second choice after he married he made up a list of essential qualities for his wife. She must be a simple, modest but intelligent woman, a female philosopher who knew her limitations. Scorning the things money could buy—fancy clothes, parties, coaches and servants—she must choose to live away from fashionable society, communing with nature, her own high thoughts and, of course,

Thomas Day. She must be courageous and resolute "like a Spartan virgin or a Roman matron," yet defer in everything to her husband. Besides all this she must wear long petticoats, be in good health and have round white arms.

Thomas Day's amorous pursuit of this ideal kept the polite society of his time twittering, but he was no single-purpose Romeo. He was one of the world's rare philosophers, acting consistently on pure philosophical principles untainted with common sense. A political non-conformist he gained notoriety as leader of the party of men in England who supported the rebels of the thirteen American colonies. He was a lawyer, an experimental farmer, a philanthropist, an early physical-culturist who anticipated Bernard MacFadden, and a poet of considerable accomplishment. In one of his longest and most affecting poems, *The Dying Negro*, he established himself among the first abolitionists.

His character was unusual by any standards. He inherited firmness and courage from his mother who as a young woman had coped with a charging bull. Looking the bull straight in the eye, she had stopped him in his tracks and held him transfixed while she and a terrified friend backed up to a fence and got away. It was three days before the dazed animal remembered he was a bull and gored his

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There'll Never Be Another

Henry Ford's "car for the multitude" became almost a way of life. Jokes about it filled two hundred books. Roads were built because of it and it even influenced women's fashions. More than fifteen million Model T's rolled off Ford's production lines and then suddenly the public it had educated outgrew it

ONE DAY in 1922 a farmer parked his Model T Ford in front of his house while he ate lunch. When he came out it had disappeared. It had slipped its moorings, rolled downhill into an open barn and broken out through the opposite wall. After knocking down a fence and flattening two small trees, it stopped in a newly plowed strip of bottom land.

The farmer followed the tire tracks to the field and drove the runaway back to the house. Then he wrote a letter to the Ford Motor Company complaining to Henry himself that this slight mishap had dented one of his fenders pretty badly. "What," he demanded, "are you going to do about it, hey?" He was serious. So durable was the famous Model T that its fenders were expected to survive more than a mere encounter with a barn, a fence and two trees. This may sound like nostalgic nonsense to modern motorists but it won't to any reckless soul who drove the Model T during or after its nineteen riotous years of production.

Only last year executors probing the estate of an auctioneer near Lethbridge found a serviceable Model T in the garage. In a shed nearby they were mystified to find a second T, under canvas and brand new. The auctioneer's diary for 1925 supplied the explanation.

"Today I acquired two Model Ts," said a neat entry. "I'll drive one and use the other for spare parts if they stop making them. Or perhaps I'll drive one till it wears out and then use the other."

Twenty-seven years later the auctioneer himself had accepted a final bid from a Higher Power but the first Model T was still running fine. Its only sign of age was a slight wheeze on hills and a tendency to creak—caused no doubt by inferior baling wire used in some minor adjustment to its innards.

This was part of the T's universal charm. If the car did falter—and it did, often—it was more like a fellow creature needing encouragement than a machine needing repair. And every Ford owner was somehow flattered into the belief that it was his touch—and his alone—which kept the fickle creature happy. "It was a person, crotchety and mean, frolicsome and full of jokes," writes John Steinbeck in his story, *A Model T Named 'It'*. "Just when you were ready to kill yourself, it would run five miles on no gasoline whatever. I do not recall any new part ever being bought for it," he remembers. "What couldn't be done with baling wire was not done."

The antics of the Model T (jitney, flivver, Tin

By BILL STEPHENSON

Lizzie, Tin Pegasus, Henry) were at one time a source of conversation as familiar as the weather. Friendships were built and broken across its ribby chassis, and no cracker-barrel conference was complete without a session on the latest ruses to outwit that almost human, usually heartless hussy Henry had sired.

What say, Charlie? She won't climb hills like she useta? Didja try turning 'er round and backing up? Always works for me. You left Lizzie out in the rain and now she won't kick over? Do like I do: take the coil out from under the dash and warm it in the oven for five minutes. Car'll start like nobody's business.

On a strange road at night you were advised to (a) stop the car (b) put 'er in low (c) rev up the engine. This would make the lights bright enough for you to go at least a hundred yards before you had to stop and do it again. Or if you were the daredevil type (and who wasn't?) you could rip along at a fine clip and since your lights worked straight off the generator you would be able to see quite a piece ahead. The only catch was that if there was anything in the road your brakes probably wouldn't stop you in time.

All these hints were given with a bit of a chuckle, like anecdotes you tell on yourself, pointing up little facets of your character which you secretly feel make you a droll, enchanting fellow. So too were the out-and-out Model T jokes, which filled more than two hundred books.

Like the one about the Model T being shipped back to the factory for

Continued on page 34



In a 1925 campaign for better roads a Model T bumped from Halifax to Vancouver in a trip that took forty days.



This flashy open tourer was more than mere transportation. Here she operates a power saw in the backwoods.

r Model T

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



Everyone was used to the T by 1915. The sight of one on the wrong side of road dismayed neither man nor beast.

These Model T Jokes Tickled A Generation

Gleaned and winnowed from many sources including The Original Ford Joke Book, published in 1915.

Three men presented themselves at the Pearly Gates. The first two, it transpired from St. Peter's questioning, had driven a Packard and a Buick. They were denied admission. The third woefully admitted he had been a Ford owner.

"Come in, man, come in," said St. Peter warmly. "This is the place for you. You've had your hell on earth!"

A man, while talking to a friend of his, kept one foot on the running board of his Ford and the other on the curb. A passing urchin stopped and looked curiously at the man for some time. Finally he said plaintively, "What's the matter, mister; did you lose your other roller skate?"

QUESTION: Why aren't they putting horns on the Model T this year?

ANSWER: Because it looks like the devil anyway.

Two men in a restaurant tossed to see who paid for the meal. The loser said, "I tell you what; I'll match my car against what I've just lost."

The other looked outside and saw a Ford parked at the curb. "Aw, let's make it a real wager," he said, "I'll toss you for two dollars instead."

A wit remarked that they would have to change that old slogan —Everybody Works But Father—because Father now owned a Ford.

The owner of a Franklin following a Ford over a country road asked his chauffeur why he didn't pass. "Oh, it's not necessary, sir," replied the chauffeur, "I'm just waiting till he hits a bump so I can drive under him."

Sign in a garage: Autos repaired. Fords mended.

My Adventures in Basic English

BY STEVE LASZKIEWICZ

Illustrated by William Winter

**A determined DP cuts
a highly individual path through
the tangle of our pronunciations
and idioms. He still
doesn't know the difference
between "heel" and "heal"
but he's learned enough to thank
his hosts for their hostility**

NOW SAY 'but'," suggested my English teacher. "Bat," I said in the continental manner. "And now say 'bat'." "Bat," I repeated firmly. "And now 'bet'." "Bat." "And now the last word 'butt'." "Bat," I uttered, getting proud of my progress. "Very good," said my teacher with the expression of a gentleman who is going to commit suicide. "Very good indeed. Next time we shall try again." The next time I made other discoveries recognizing practically no difference in pronouncing ladder, leather, leader, later, latter, letter, larder, and lather. "Perhaps you can pronounce 'brother'," pleaded the poor man.

"Lather," I said. My teacher spent half an hour in overtime with me, dealing with all sorts of lathers and la.ders. When he had finished, his forehead was wet, his hands were shaky, and his eyes wild. He did not say this time "Very good." It was the last I saw of that teacher.

This was the kind of trouble I met when I reached England from Poland in 1940. I was given command of a Polish squadron in the RAF, and I studied intensely the English language and literature.

My hair stood on end when I tried to understand and pronounce, hill, heel, heal, hell, he'll, and two sorts of hail.

As you probably remember, some Italian wrote sometime ago, The Inferno. I found myself just in the midst of that place. Not knowing the proper name for "inferno," I translated it with the help of my dictionary as "hell."

"I have read Dante's Hell," I said to an Englishman who gave me a lift in his car.

"Are you sure it wasn't Dalton's Weekly?" asked the man helpfully. "It's a magazine."

I understood that "magazine" means "shop." "No," I said. "There

Continued on page 46



Is it because Canadians work so hard that they need so many rest rooms?

Getting there is much more fun...
in a distinctive 1954 **DESOTO**



*you'll thrill to **POWERFLITE** performance—
the finest in no-clutch driving*

It's really fun to drive a 1954 DeSoto — whether it's the brilliant 170 H.P. FireDome V-8 or the speedy Powermaster 6. One important reason for this is the new PowerFlite transmission — standard on all DeSoto models.

PowerFlite — newest and finest completely automatic transmission combined with a high efficiency torque converter — assures you thrilling new pick-up and performance. This torque converter more than doubles the turning effort of your engine at take-off and helps provide amazingly fast acceleration up to highway speeds. You move forward in one effortless motion without lifting your foot from the gas pedal . . . PowerFlite does the shifting for you at exactly the right time.

In addition, of course, you ride in luxurious comfort surrounded by beautiful appointments. You feel relaxed and at ease, in command of the road. The miles slip by and you're there before you know it.



*You can enjoy the driving ease of
DESOTO FULL POWER STEERING
it does 4/5ths of the work of steering
it's in action all of the time*

FIREDOM V-8 • POWERMASTER SIX MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Arrange with your Dodge-DeSoto dealer for a demonstration



HOW MUCH
LIFE INSURANCE?

REAL
ESTATE?

STOCKS
AND BONDS?

CASH
ON HAND?

VALUE
OF CAR?

OTHER
ASSETS?

Have you
figured lately...

*how **much** you're worth?*

(It's probably more than you think!)

Nearly everything you own is worth much more today than it was ten, or even five years ago.

Real estate values, for example, have skyrocketed. Most stocks are substantially higher. Add everything up and you may be pleasantly surprised at how much you're "worth" today.

That total is your "estate." You have built it carefully—as a measure of security for your family, now and in the future.

Naming National Trust as your Executor is the positive way of making sure your estate *does* serve the purpose you've had in mind while building it.

Discuss this with one of our Trust Officers. An appointment will be made to your convenience and you will be under no obligation whatever.

TORONTO • MONTREAL • HAMILTON
WINNIPEG • EDMONTON • CALGARY
VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

**National
Trust**

COMPANY LIMITED

M-34

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY: A stalwart young sea-captain (Rock Hudson) and his horrified wife (Marcia Henderson) suffer all sorts of hellishness in northern Canada at the hands of a lecherous villain (Steve Cochran) in Hollywood's third filming of the James Oliver Curwood novel. I've seen duller movies, but not many.

BREAKDOWN: Stilted dialogue and a plot loaded with complexities are handicaps in an otherwise interesting little melodrama. It's about a boxer (William Bishop), his neurotic manager (Wally Cassel) and the girl (Ann Richards) who comes between them.

HERE COME THE GIRLS: A backstage farce starring Bob Hope as a chorus boy who suddenly finds his name in lights — and doesn't realize he's just being used as a decoy to trap a jealous slasher. Arlene Dahl, Rosemary Clooney and Tony Martin are also on hand. Funny in spots but not one of Hope's merrier efforts.

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE: Three shapely gold diggers (Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall) rent a swank apartment as a beachhead for an invasion of New York's most solvent bachelors. A rather rambling but entertaining comedy, effectively filmed in the wide-screen CinemaScope process.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU: The makers of *Born Yesterday* have come up with another fresh and funny show. Judy Holliday appears as a not-so-dumb blonde who plasters her name on Manhattan signboards and becomes an overnight celebrity. Along the way the high-powered hucksters are given a dandy ribbing.

MOGAMBO: An amusing romantic comedy with an African jungle setting. A hairy-chested hunter (Clark Gable) and a breezy temptress named Honey Bear (Ava Gardner) almost make the veldt melt during intermissions on a gorilla safari. Enjoyable hokum which never takes itself too seriously.

THE MOONLIGHTER: An extremely corny western (in 3-D) with Fred MacMurray as a bank robber and Barbara Stanwyck as a fiery gun-girl who can't decide whether she adores him or abhors him.

TORCH SONG: Joan Crawford, at forty-five, amply proves that Marlene Dietrich is not the only Hollywood old-timer with gorgeous gams. It's a show-business musical, draggy in spots but generally diverting, and featuring Michael Wilding as a blind pianist who defies the lady's tantrums.



Gardner proves shoes don't make the woman in *Mogambo*.

Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.	Island in the Sky: Drama. Good.
The All-American: Campus drama. Fair.	The Juggler: Drama. Excellent.
All I Desire: Drama. Fair.	Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.	Latin Lovers: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Blowing Wild: Oil drama. Poor.	Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
Blueprint for Murder: Mystery. Good.	Lion Is in the Streets: Drama. Fair.
Botany Bay: Sea drama. Fair.	Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.
Both Sides of the Law: British drama of women police. Fair.	Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.	Man From the Alamo: Western. Fair.
Conquest of Everest: Actuality drama of mountain climbers. Excellent.	Remains to Be Seen: Comedy. Fair.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.	Return to Paradise: South Sea comedy-drama. Good.
Dangerous Crossing: Mystery. Fair.	Ride, Vaquerol: Western. Poor.
Devil's Canyon: 3-D in jail. Fair.	The Robe: CinemaScope epic. Good.
Flight Nurse: War drama. Poor.	Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.
Folly to Be Wise: Comedy. Fair.	Shane: Western. Excellent.
From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.	Story of Gilbert and Sullivan: Musical biography. Good.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.	Vice Squad: Police drama. Good.
Half a Hero: Domestic comedy. Good.	Vikki: Murder melodrama. Fair.
Inferno: 3-D desert drama. Fair.	Walking My Baby Back Home: Comedy and music. Poor.
Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.	Wings of the Hawk: 3-D western. Fair.



Shown here is the Iron Fireman winter air conditioner for either oil or gas firing. Its fuel economy is exceptional, even with the short heating cycles required for true modern comfort.

for any kind of heating with any fuel

YOUR BEST BUY IS IRON FIREMAN



Here's Why. Iron Fireman heating equipment is a good buy because it is packed with *extra values*. You can't see many of them with just a casual glance, so let's take a close look.

FIRST, THE FIRE. It must be a fast-heating fire, and reach top combustion efficiency quickly. If an intense radiant fire is not produced within the first critical half minute you will

be robbed of both fuel and comfort. The whole combustion chamber must quickly reach efficient operating temperature. This means light, porous, quick heating refractory and many other engineering refinements. All of this is needed to enable you to use a sensitive thermostat (with short, frequent firing cycles) which give you steady, even warmth, without fuel waste.

Iron Fireman gives you exactly this kind of fire; the *radiant*

oil fire produced by the Vortex oil burner, with its whirling, bowl-shaped flame, and the fire you get with the Radiant gas burner, which releases intense, glowing radiant heat on the same principle as an incandescent gas mantle.

And extra QUALITY, too

Dependability is a matter of built-in quality—all the way through. Such things as curved heating surfaces to avoid expansion noises; mechanical parts that are sturdy and trouble-free; and secondary heating surfaces designed to prevent condensation and corrosion (the cause of "rusted out" furnaces). Hundreds of thousands of users know that Iron Fireman equipment has this inherent dependability.

When we say "Iron Fireman is your best buy" we mean that extra dollar-for-dollar *value* is really there!



Send for this book

Every type of modern heating system has certain advantages. If you are in doubt as to which system is best suited for your individual needs, this book is designed for you. It is filled with information on each of the systems listed below.

WARM AIR

Winter air conditioner

Filtered, humidified warm air with forced circulation. The ideal system for many homes.

Small pipe heating

Conditioned, heated air circulated through small ducts (4" diameter) at high velocity. A practical system for smaller homes.

Perimeter heating

Conditioned warm air distributed along outside walls for greater home comfort.

Baseboard heating

A type of perimeter warm air heating using baseboard type registers.

HOT WATER

Radiator or convector heating

Gravity or forced circulation hot water, with single or two-pipe systems. Heat supplied through radiators or convectors.

Baseboard heating

Perimeter type hot water heating, using continuous baseboard panels.

Radiant panels

Warm water circulates through concealed coils in floors, walls or ceiling.

STEAM

Radiator or convector heating

Steam, vapor or vacuum heating, single or two-pipe systems, utilizing radiators or convectors.

Iron Fireman SelecTemp

Continuous, modulated heat in each room, with *individual thermostat in every room*, at a cost that makes it practical for smallest home or largest residential, institutional or commercial building. A revolutionary advance in heating exclusive with Iron Fireman.

IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
80 Ward St., Dept. 10, Toronto, Ontario.
Please send me free booklet, "12 Plans for Home Heating and Air Conditioning."

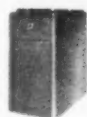
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

Iron Fireman *Finest in heating* OIL • GAS • COAL



Winter air conditioner. Finest in modern warm air heating in wide range of sizes. Warms, cleans, humidifies and circulates the air. Gas or oil fired.



Iron Fireman quick heating boilers are available in many sizes for all types of steam and hot water heating systems. For gas or oil firing.



Iron Fireman SelecTemp system provides continuous modulated heat with thermostat in every room. Room heating unit only eighteen inches high.



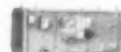
Iron Fireman Radiant gas burner is the most economical for gas conversion. Same principle as a gas mantle, producing intense, efficient radiant heat.



The famous Iron Fireman Vortex oil conversion burner has a radiant, whirling bowl-shaped flame with heat reflecting hearth. Noted for fuel saving.



Iron Fireman Coal Flow stoker feeds coal direct from bin to furnace. No coal shoveling. Fully automatic heat with America's most abundant fuel.



Horizontal suspension oil furnace with forced air circulation. Stoves away in attic, or crawl-way, or hangs overhead in garage, basement or utility room.

Talk it over with Joan Blanchard



Spring will come again, even though it seems a long way off today! But you can bring a little Spring into the house. Buy a Spring-green plant. Make a gaily coloured housedress . . . like the one on this page, for instance. (It's Tex-Made, too . . . of Monarch Broadcloth, in "Bittersweet." You can get a similar pattern from most leading companies)

* * *

Brighten that faded rug—with one of the wonderful foamy rug dyes that shampoos and dyes in one process!

* * *

Bright idea for beds—make a dust ruffle out of a coloured sheet, to match or contrast with your bed-sheets and blanket (Tex-Made Petal-Tone sheets look just as enchanting around the bed as on it!)

* * *

How bright can mirrors get? Rub them with newspaper—and see!

* * *

Be sure you buy pillow slips two or three inches longer than the pillows they'll be used on. They'll fit better—wear longer.

* * *

And when buying sheets, ask about *thread count* . . . the number of cotton threads per inch woven lengthwise and crosswise. The higher the count, the finer the sheet. (For instance, "Type 128" usually means 128 threads per square inch, but Tex-Made Select quality sheets have 134. "Type 140," ordinarily 140 threads, contain 144 threads in Tex-Made's Luxury quality. Tex-Made's Combed Percale, a "Type 180," actually has 184 threads per square inch).

* * *

Brighten family faces with a chocolate cake tonight. Line the top of double boiler with waxed paper for melting chocolate—saves chocolate and dishwashing.

* * *

Incidentally, have you sent away yet for my interesting, informative booklet? So many, many people have, it's already in a second edition! Just write "Your Guide To Buying Sheets and Pillow Slips" on a postcard with your name and address. Send it to me at Dominion Textile Co., Ltd., 1950 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal.

No. 2... How Canada lives better...

Canada lives better...



It's always an event to spread on whites like these Tex-Made beauties, woven to wear through countless washings. You save—really *save*—on low, low priced Select quality sheets with amazing durability . . . popular Luxury quality sheets that blend cozy comfort with superb strength . . . Combed Percales, so rugged for all their silky smoothness.

Biggest saving is right here—in time and work! With Tex-Made's Fitted Sheets, in either the Select or the Luxury quality, corners actually slip over the mattress, adjust themselves to a smooth fit. Snuggness saves wear. Never a wrinkle, never need ironing.



Big buys for little folks—ever-warm ever-popular Warmsheets. Between these bunny-snug flannelette sheets tiny toes never feel a chill, whatever the weather. And Warmsheet washes wonderfully, dries in a jiffy, never needs an iron. The blanket here, of course, is the famous striped Ibex.

Tex-made
TM REGD

CANADA LIVES BETTER...WITH

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

1950 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST, MONTREAL

... saves more with **Tex-made** T.M. REG'D.

Now's the time—the **savingest time** to take stock of your shelf! Now — when Winter White Events at stores all over Canada are offering so *many* Tex-Made values — such marvelous Tex-Made values. Make your budget do wonders! It'll buy luxury in white sheets, loveliness in coloured sheets, work-saving fitted sheets, Ibex and Downy-Tone blankets . . . all the famous, fabulous buys that make Tex-Made Canada's guide to better living.

**DON'T MISS TEX-MADE'S LOW COST LUXURY...
START SAVING NOW AT WINTER WHITE EVENTS
IN CANADA'S GREAT STORES**



Brilliant tones sell for a song in Canada's Winter White Event! With Tex-Made Petal-Tones, you can match a shade in your draperies, highlight your decor, or capture a charming mood. In Petal Peach, Green, Petal Blue, Daffodil Yellow or Petal Pink — washable, colour-fast, lovely for years! Incidentally, Downy-Tone blankets come in a wonderful range of special colors to mix or match with Petal-Tones.

Made RIGHT . . . here in Canada

There'll Never Be Another Model T

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

its regular ten-year checkup. En route, it was piled into a bin with a load of scrap metal destined for the same place.

"Your Ford is in a little harder shape than we had gathered from your letter," wrote the plant manager to the car's owner, "but don't worry; we'll soon have it back on the road."

There was no middle line of thought about the flivver. You were either for it or agin it. Even while women's organizations and civic groups were assailing it as "a house of prostitution on wheels" other thousands of amateur Ford-fixers flocked to the Palace Theatre in New York to gape at the "Twelve Speed Mechanics" assembled a Ford in two minutes flat. Millions of people believed implicitly that the flowing scripted "Ford" on the radiator was Henry's own John Henry. They would probably have fought anyone who told them that this world-famed

sign actually came from a child's printing set found in an attic by C. H. Mills, inventor of the T's celebrated planetary transmission.

Not the least part of the Ford legend was the incredible profits reaped by those crazy enough to invest in it first. In 1903 a dozen men raised twenty-eight thousand dollars to form the company to build Fords. Henry himself contributed no money, but got twenty-five percent of the stock for his machine. Young lawyer Horace Rackham however put in five thousand dollars against his banker's fervent

advice. A few years later he cashed in for a cool twelve and a half million. Detroit housewife Rosetta Hauss tossed a hundred dollars of her savings into the pot, and in the ensuing years reaped ninety-five thousand dollars in dividends and finally sold her shares for two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Shareholders could not keep pace with the rising value of the stocks, the fastest expansion of an industrial empire ever recorded. In less than ten years, the twenty-eight thousand dollars' worth of stock was worth two hundred and fifty million dollars!

One of the original dauntless twelve was not quite so lucky, however. Albert Strelow, convinced the bubble would burst, sold his five thousand dollars' worth of shares within a year to Henry for twenty-five thousand dollars which he invested in a sure-thing gold mine in British Columbia. Within two years, Strelow was back at Ford—penniless, and looking for work.

Ford Motor Company of Canada at Windsor, Ont., was organized by Gordon M. McGregor in 1904—just one year after the parent company was launched in the U. S. Ford of Canada started with seventeen employees and an annual payroll—which included McGregor's salary—of twelve thousand dollars. At first it imported all its parts from Detroit and just had an assembly plant.

Henry's Soliloquy

Everything written and told about the fabulous flivver points up the undeniable fact that it was not just a car. It was the herald of a new way of life. In its own homeland it burst upon a people who had just begun to wrest a few hours of leisure from the business of making a living and were eager for something to occupy that time. It was somehow fitting that in the Century of the Common Man, the object which should help satisfy this deep yearning for a fuller life should be the commonest car ever made. Henry, never afterward renowned for his understanding of his fellow men, had long sensed this hidden desire. In one of his earliest recorded soliloquies, before the Model T was even a blueprint, he told what he proposed to do about it.

"I will build a car for the great multitude," he said. "It will be large enough for the family but small enough for the individual to run and care for . . . And it will be so low in price that no man . . . will be unable to buy one and enjoy with his family the blessing . . . of God's great open spaces."

The impious offspring of this pious resolve which was to change the face of history was not in itself too remarkable. It was not the first car, for Europeans had built and driven them for thirty years. It contained no revolutionary principles. Nor was it the first auto with interchangeable parts, for Charles Leland had demonstrated this with three Cadillacs in London in 1906.

It was not even Henry's first car. Between the company's founding in 1903 and the Model T in 1908 there had been eight other models—A, B, C, F, K, N, R and S—all of them quite successful money-makers.

But the Model T was the first car whose parts could literally be thrown together. It was lighter than any other automobile of its size and it was a combination of a lot of ideas which Henry felt would shake the world out of the semi-carless state it was in 1907, the year before the piston shot which was to be heard around the world.

In 1907 the gasoline age was in a curious kind of suspended animation. Redwing was the top tune and Ellen Terry an established star. There were



Toronto, Ont.: "My skin was dry, dull, and lifeless-looking," says Audrie Arnold, "but using Noxzema regularly made it cleaner, clearer, fresher!"



Chilliwack, B. C.: "Noxzema's beauty routine made my skin fresher, more 'alive' and now keeps it free of blemishes," says Betty Morphett.



Look lovelier in 10 days with NEW HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care makes skin fresher, clearer, prettier—keeps it that way, too!

● Here's the biggest beauty news in years! A noted skin specialist worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you KEEP it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to Noxzema's unique qualities. It's a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream.

And it's medicated — aids healing — keeps skin fresh and clear!

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle—that

tingle tells you Noxzema's extra beauty action is starting to work—making your skin fresher, clearer, prettier.

Results are thrilling!

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema for dry, rough, flaky skin; for skin with a tendency to blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless, half-clean look of so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to look in your mirror 10 days from now and see a fresher, prettier complexion? Then start this new Home Facial tonight and follow it faithfully!



1. **Cleanse** your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear.

2. **Night cream:** Greaseless Noxzema softens, smooths and freshens your skin while you sleep. (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes—it's medicated to help heal them, fast!)



3. **Make-up base:** In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then use Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

Noxzema works or money back!

Try Noxzema for 10 days—if you don't look lovelier—return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto—money back!

Twice as much for your money! Giant 10 oz. jar only \$1.25 at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited Time! Noxzema is also available in tubes. Made in Canada.

NOXZEMA skin cream



many who still believed that Old Dobbin would come riding along like a White Charger and sweep all the smoke-belching dragons off the roads forever. These proponents of the simple life invariably hooted, "Get a horse!" whenever an auto limped by. They could sit and watch a begoggled, besmoked motorist sweat and curse his machine for hours—and smile pityingly.

There were those however who seemed to sense that a new force was abroad in the land and they may have suspected that the horseless carriage was its exemplification. Autos of the day were beyond the reach of the working man because of the costly upkeep. An Overland in Canada cost three thousand dollars. In the United States Franklins cost twelve hundred and fifty, and the Simplex was out of the question for the masses at six thousand dollars. The hand-made cars were for city driving only; country roads were little better than ruts, impassable most of the year.

There were other deterrents: many towns limited autos to eight or ten miles an hour. Summerside and Charlottetown, P.E.I., allowed automobiles on their streets only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays and some United States communities ordained that a man ringing a bell and/or carrying a lighted lantern must precede every auto on foot, warning pedestrians of its approach. Still other hamlets found they could balance the municipal budget by fining every motorist, no matter how fast he was going.

First mortals to behold the machine which was to change all this were the upper-crusters who attended the Chicago Motor Show in December 1907. Their reactions were of vital importance to the producers of the Model T. If the elite liked it Henry felt he was doomed. He wanted the Model T to be the car for the masses. On the other hand, if the rich carped at its inelegant lines, compared its bony honesty unfavorably with the cunning phaetons in other parts of the building, Henry knew the ordinary folk everywhere would acclaim it.

The moneyed ranks wavered for a moment. Then they broke into unanimous smiles of pity for the poor ugly duckling. From then on Henry knew he couldn't go wrong. One of his first acts of 1908 was to suspend production on models A to S. From then on only one chassis would carry the flowing Ford insignia—the Model known as T.

Henry never made a smarter move. For where his salesmen had sometimes to make an effort to sell their other models there was always someone waiting to buy the next Model T they tossed together. He'd had an assembly line of sorts as early as 1903 and as the demand for Model Ts grew he moved advantageously ahead of competitors by bringing the work to the workers, not the workers to it—the principle of the assembly line.

Henry also had the idea of upping man-hour production and boosting wages, thereby making laborers customers. He was the first manufacturer to pay five dollars a day, a move which in 1914 rocked the financial world. The prevailing wage scale for U. S. factory workers was \$2.34 for a nine-hour day. Ford announced he would pay a minimum of five dollars for an eight-hour day.

The following year Ford of Canada announced a minimum daily wage rate of four dollars, followed by an increase to five dollars in 1918 and six dollars in 1919. Old-timers at Windsor can still recall great moments of shouting and jubilation when the four-dollar minimum was announced by Gordon M. McGregor who served as general

manager from 1904 to 1922.

In 1909-10 Ford sold 1,280 cars in Canada at nine hundred and seventy-five dollars each. The next year he doubled his sales at eight hundred and fifty dollars each. By 1913 nearly twelve thousand Model Ts were sold at six hundred and fifty each. Prices were lower in the United States and, of course, sales far outstripped those of Canada.

Thirty-five thousand were sold in the U. S. in 1910-11 and the next year seventy-eight thousand. By 1912-13 when the first Chevy took to the road

(a five-passenger touring car listed in the U. S. at \$2,150) two hundred and forty-eight thousand Fords were sold at a price of only five hundred and fifty dollars apiece. This was a notable triumph for mass production methods and it brought the car at last to the Common Man's front door.

The first Canadian-made Ford—as distinguished from Canadian-assembled—appeared in 1913 and during Lizzie's lifetime there were more than eight hundred Ford dealers all across Canada. They distributed more than seven hundred and fifty-five thou-

sand copies of Henry's Little Wonder. Today at least fifteen thousand Model Ts are still going strong. Ottawa's Public Works Department, for example, still uses them for snow clearing.

But back in 1908 the car was something more than a conveyance: it had a personality. The 1908-12 vintage American looked upon himself as a four-square, honest, slightly rougher Frank Merriwell, the era's prototype of the all-American boy. The flivver was the mechanical embodiment of these traits. Said its makers: "The Model T is all bone and muscle, with-



"For a mild cigarette...
Smoke a fresh cigarette!"

SWEET CAPS

Always fresh and **TRULY MILD!**

IF THE CIGARETTE you smoke is going to be mild, it just has to be fresh... because it's freshness that keeps a cigarette mild. Sweet Caps come fresh from the factory... fresh to your dealer... fresh to you! This extra freshness guarantees Sweet Caps are always the truly mild cigarette you want. Best tobaccos... purest paper... you'll like Sweet Caps.



CORN or PLAIN

"ONLY A FRESH CIGARETTE CAN BE TRULY MILD" — Since 1887, Canada's First Cigarette



Enjoy the Lively Flavor!

Just the "little top leaves"

Where the new young leaves sprout from the top of the tea plant—that's where Tender Leaf gets its lively, liting flavor. Get Tender Leaf Tea Bags today—enjoy the zest and fragrance of this exquisite blend of finest Orange Pekoe.



The most convenient
and economical way
to serve finest tea!

out an ounce of fat on its frame." And if the only shock absorbers were the passengers, well, Americans could take it.

The average American looked down his nose at foreigners. The Model T likewise eschewed foreign entanglements by being the first mass-produced car to have its steering wheel on the left instead of the right, like European models.

Americans were certain that other Americans—and a few Canadians—were as honest as the day was long. If there was crime in America—and hardly anyone denied it—it must be perpetrated by non-Americans. The makers of the Model T capitalized on this ostrich sentiment by fashioning only one key for the T. Every Ford key fitted every Ford car. All were safe because no real American would steal another's Model T. ("But then," asked other car manufacturers maliciously, "who would want to steal a Model T?")

Not the least of the flivver's allurements was the method of propelling it. The transmission was of the planetary type, the same principle used in modern automatic transmissions. There were three foot pedals; clutch, reverse and brake. When the clutch was pushed to the floor the gear was in low and then went into high as it was released. When the hand brake was pulled halfway back it put the car into neutral by depressing the clutch pedal halfway down. When it was pulled all the way back it acted as a brake. There was, however, an old saying that no matter which pedal a man pushed the Model T slowed down.

The advertising of the Model T was almost as ingenious as the car itself. For farmers it was lauded as "better than ten hired men." It got the farmer to market, sawed his wood, pumped his water and "even does the churning," as one of the ads of the day proclaimed. This last was a cunning bit of seduction intended for that forgotten drudge, the farmer's wife.

The low price, of course, appealed to those of moderate means. But stories like that of the wealthy maharajah who preferred his flivver to his most luxurious howdah carried weight with the snob trade. Ford's famous slogan Watch The Fords Go By hooked the impressionable, its lack of bumpers challenged the daring and its jaunty appearance caught the eye of the frivolous. Yet for the staid and sober no statement could have been better tailored than Henry's famous edict:

"Any customer can have a car painted any color he wants, so long as it is black."

Model Ts had no starters—they were cranked—and although there was a whole cranking technique the T broke tens of thousands of arms. But once it was started its gearless type of transmission resulted, in skilled hands, in a relatively jerkless take-off. If you were an innocent beginner, however, or dumb enough to turn your back on the car, the crank might suddenly catch and knock you for a loop or calmly push you down and run over you. "Even if the car was in the state known as neutral," recalls L. S. White, in his Farewell to Model T, "it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward."

Of course, even if Lizzie did run you down she rarely did so maliciously—except if you happened to have on a new suit and were intending to take your other girl for a spin and a spoon. For the Model T exhibited all the characteristics of a jealous female and was rarely thought of in other terms by young men who owned one.

The first impact of the Ford on communities was to start people think-

ing about roads—a subject which had not really bothered a horse-and-buggy civilization. To make them think a little harder, Henry entered two twenty-horsepower Model Ts in a cross-country race in 1909. To everyone's surprise, Ford No. 2 rolled into San Francisco twenty days after leaving New York City—a full day ahead of its nearest rival, a forty-horsepower Shawmut. Ford No. 1 was third. The other cars never got outside New York State for they were up to their hubs in mud on the main highways of the nation.

Besides thinking about mud, as Henry had figured, the surprise outcome of the big race also set folk thinking about Fords. But as soon as they got a Ford they were faced with the mud problem again. Not that the Ford was particularly bothered by mud; it would plow cheerfully through mud so deep that other cars were lost from view. The point was that when you got out to fix a flat tire on your Model T—and this happened almost every time you ventured on the highway—



the problem of the mud literally hit you square in the eye.

The result was the gradual improvement of highways from mud to gravel to pavement. In Canada this trend was hardly noticeable until the mid-Twenties, the Automobile Blue Book of 1921 cautioning its readers that in the drive from the Vermont border to Montreal "chains on all four wheels are essential in wet weather." Vigilante committees roamed the roads about Winnipeg to trap farmers, many of whom made a living hauling motorists out of mudholes on the road—holes which the farmer kept in shape by daily applications of water and sand. And as late as 1920 the Canadian Good Roads Association found it necessary to inform New Brunswick farmers that it was displeased by the practice of burying scythe blades in the high road to keep autos from scaring their horses.

In 1914 Henry dropped a bombshell on the American public by offering to return fifty dollars to every customer buying a Ford in the coming year—if sales should top three hundred thousand. To the other stockholders, raking in dividends hand over fist, this was a brilliant publicity stunt involving, they felt sure, no risk whatsoever. For they knew that Ford couldn't even produce that many cars a year. Still, it was a dangerous precedent. Start offering to give money back and where would the shareholders be?

This rhetorical question was answered for them one year later. By a miracle of speedy streamlining under the guiding genius of Walter E. Flanders a total of 308,213 Fords were built and sold. Shareholders watched in stupefaction as Henry cheerfully returned over fifteen million dollars in fifty-dollar cheques to 308,213 new customers. There and then, several sold their stock outright to Ford, convinced the world would end on the morrow—if not tonight.

But the world did not end. In September of 1915 Ford produced its

refreshing! exciting!

the way *inlaid* LINOLEUM is leading
today's trend to decorative floors



This trim, tailored dining room floor is Dominion Battleship (Plain) Linoleum in interesting ivory, dark blue and light blue tile arrangement.



TODAY'S HOMEMAKERS are putting *colour* where it counts—on their floors, the largest decorating area in the home. Richer, fresher-looking *linoleum* shades—yellows, greens, blues, browns, greys and reds—are replacing dull, uninteresting wood-browns.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum . . . silk-smooth, cork-quiet . . . is the perfect family-home flooring—easy to clean, stays fresh and unscuffed under heavy wear, cushions footfalls and softens sounds. It's a *permanent* floor as well as a floor covering, so you save the cost of a finished wood floor under or wall-to-wall carpeting on top. (Linoleum looks lovely combined with scatter rugs or carpet areas.)

With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum you can dream a theme to fit *every* room—it comes in a complete range of wonderful shades and colours. Illustrated booklets to help you plan may be obtained by writing: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited, Home Planning Dept., E1, 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

TILES AND BY-THE-YARD

Marbleum • Battleship • Jaspé • Handicraft

DOMINION *inlaid* LINOLEUM

made only in Canada . . . sold by style-setting Canadian retailers



Jaspé Pattern J-701 combines with a trim in Jaspé J-725 to create a floor of beauty in this charming living room.

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited, Montreal

*"Doctor, I'd
like to know..."*

Do I



Do I have to grow old?"

No, not as your grandparents or even your parents did. The doctors have learned in recent years that there is much that can be done to help make all of life's years happy and productive.

They have learned that a zest for living, a liking for people, serenity of spirit, peace of mind, sensible living and eating, all are important. They now know that good eating habits in particular have a vital bearing on the retention of physical vigor, mental alertness and, above all, the protection of the heart, the arteries, the glandular system and the digestive tract.

Your doctor will tell you that a diet based upon the generous use of such protective foods as fresh fruits, green leafy vegetables, milk, eggs, and meat not only helps to keep you healthy but has a lot to do with keeping

your physical stamina and mental alertness "young"!

At any age the protective foods should be used generously in the daily diet. Among the best, as we grow older, are bananas, because of their easy digestibility, because they do not require vigorous chewing, because they supply needed vitamins and minerals, because they are effective in weight control, and because they have such a beneficent effect on the entire digestive system.

Why not eat to add life to your years as well as to add years to your life!

Because of the many appetizing ways in which bananas can be served, as well as because of their importance in nutrition, bananas are now being used more widely than ever by people of all ages.

CANADIAN BANANA COMPANY, LTD.

FOR HEALTH, EAT AND ENJOY A

PLENTIFUL VARIETY OF THE RIGHT FOODS.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE "RIGHT" FOODS ARE, ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

millionth car without even noticing it. The following year they put out almost eight hundred thousand cars at the incredible price of three hundred and sixty dollars each. Henry had lived up to his promise. Now "no man would be unable to . . . enjoy with his family the blessing of God's great open spaces"—if the new forest of billboards would let him. For the result of putting the world on wheels had been to bring about vast changes. It was obvious, for example, that the stagecoach had rounded Eagle Pass for the last time. Fords had replaced most of them on

regular runs. The Ford's popularity and ability to traverse the toughest terrain had also put some railways out of business and forced others to make drastic cuts in passenger schedules. The moonlight steamboat cruise, that widespread form of summer recreation, also felt the bite. For, as any shrewd swain could have testified: "Why pay to sit on deck with a million other people, when I can sit and neck in a Model T—for free!" Another casualty of the motor age was the itinerant peddler. With a car, anybody could get into town to shop.

The car gave the impetus for cities to expand, for city limits are determined roughly by the time it takes a man to get to his work. And soon, in many a North American family, parents could no longer be sure where their offspring were at all times—nor what they might be doing. Nor—and this was most deeply distressing to parents of the old school—did they know just what to do about it. Cars revolutionized Sunday habits, wrecked trout fishing, wrote finis for most amusement parks and sightseeing trams, ran governments into stagger-

ing debt for roads, ushered in installment buying, and nearly eliminated country doctors and old-fashioned general stores.

Women's costume, too, began that startling movement toward today's "sensible" clothes. It probably began when some wilful young thing complained that she couldn't get in and out of her boy-friend's car in those awful clothes. Her mother sided with her father in disapproval of such complaints until she discovered that her own wide skirts, whalebone corsets and voluminous underthings were uncomfortable and unbecoming in an auto. That, naturally, eliminated father from any further place in the discussion.

No one would attribute this social upheaval entirely to the Ford, powerful Katrinka though it was. A thousand other forces converged to produce change: World War I, for example, with its accelerated breakdown of accepted moral codes; the silver screen, which imposed the ideas of the few on the receptive minds of the many; the phonograph (and later the radio) which took entertainment out of the public hall and put it into private homes.

The Model T, moreover, was not the only car on the road, though some said it was the only car you could hear on the road. More than a thousand other makes flourished for short or long terms during Lizzie's lifetime. Autos like Twyford, Hackett, Stutz, Maxwell, Zimmerman, Alpena, Overland, Stanley, Locomobile, Wizard and Matheson. Well-known ones still going in our own era like Packard, Buick, Chrysler, Oldsmobile and Nash. Strange ones like the Klink, Birch, K.R.I.T., Seven Little Buffaloes and the Dixie Flyer.

Canadians left their stables to produce cars like the Gray-Dort, of Chatham; the McLaughlin, of Oshawa; the London, of that Ontario city; Russell-Knight, a Toronto entry; and the S. G. Gay of Ottawa.

The point is, however, that the auto did play a tremendous part in the molding of the Twentieth Century for it took people out of their homes and turned them loose on the country—for good or evil. And having given the auto its due, you must give the great part of that due to the Model T. During most of its lifetime there were more Model Ts on the highway than all other automobiles combined.

This last fact was mainly due to Ford's ability to produce more cars cheaper. They made a fetish of it. One twenty-four-hour day in 1920, just to show off, the Ford plant turned out more than fifteen hundred, or better than one per minute. Five years later in the same one-day experiment, they turned out nine thousand one hundred and nine cars, for an average of one every ten seconds. The price: two hundred and ninety dollars, f.o.b. Detroit. In a single year, 1923, Ford produced the staggering total of 2,090,338 cars.

Ford of Canada did not go in for records. Its forte was the opening up of new branches—in Australia, South Africa, India, till most of the Empire had been covered. It specialized also in service, boasting that nowhere in the Empire would a Ford owner be more than a few miles from a repair or spare-parts shop. Still, in the year 1925, the Windsor Ford plant was able to offer Canadians a coupe-type runabout, without starter, for the quite moderate price of three hundred and ninety-five dollars, the lowest it ever reached in this country.

As the second decade of its life drew to a close, it began to look as if Model Ts would roll off production lines till the end of time. Now everybody could own one.



Wonderful to be greeted at the start of a holiday . . .
and twice wonderful to know there's
another welcome waiting in the friendly greeting of
Calvert House. Smooth, delightful, light-bodied,
it's a Canadian Whisky you'll thoroughly enjoy!


CALVERT HOUSE
Canadian Whisky

Calvert Distillers Limited, Amherstburg, Ontario



And then, almost as abruptly as the love affair started, it waned. One minute, Lizzie was the homely but popular kid she had always been, surrounded by admirers, able to run smoke rings around more svelte rivals. The next, she was a beat-up old has-been, something you were ashamed to be seen in or with.

Ford dealers sensed it before it happened and tried to get Henry to smarten Liz up a bit, or even re-tool. Henry yawned and asked them if they knew any other good jokes. By the time he stopped yawning, it was too late. Frantically he began to make concessions: any color you liked you could have. You want the chassis lowered? Fine, we'll do it, and we'll round off the rad and windshield, too.

In one famous announcement, Henry offered to do a complete engine and upholstery repair job on any Model T for only sixty dollars. Thousands took him up on it, and some riotous-looking re-treads roared around for a while. But it was hardly a sop to the relentless march of progress.

In the spring of 1927 Henry himself drove the fifteen millionth Ford off the assembly line. It was a little lower and larger and a bit more rakish. But if you were a myopic middle-aged fellow you would hardly have been able to distinguish the 1927 model from those first ones which ventured outside only after dark back in '08.

A few days later Henry mournfully announced: "We are suspending production of the car on which the Ford Motor Company was founded."

The final T bore the serial number 15,007,033. This meant that for more than eighteen years a hundred new flivvers had been born every hour.

Used Car Catastrophe

What had destroyed the first mass-appeal car were the very forces it had created. The Model T made people conscious of the roads. So better roads were built. But once people had better roads under them they felt the urge to go faster and in more comfort than the Model T could carry them. So they bought a Chev or an Olds which gave them speed with comfort as standard equipment, not something which you could have only if you paid extra and ran the risk of being called effete.

The second great factor which finally caught up with the Model T was the Used Car Lot. "Why should I buy even a brand-new Model T for three hundred dollars," the line of reasoning ran, "when for the same money I can get a slightly used good car?"

This line of thought was a tough one for Henry's assembly line to buck, for it cut him off before he started.

But over and above economics, there had been a growing discontent with the hard austerity of the Model T. Where an eighteen-year-old might consider it a great lark to be stranded miles from nowhere with his girl because Liz had burned another bearing, the middle-aged could not see the joke. Many people also felt that a good water-pumping system might be a better way to keep a car from boiling than Henry's oft-reiterated instructions: "Just lift the hood and fold it under."

As people matured in this new mechanical age they no longer thought it fun to stick a ruler into the gas tank to test the fuel supply. "Clutch epilepsy," that chronic disease of Ford owners resulting from constant contact of the human frame with that celestial organ, the planetary transmission, no longer seemed as hilarious a national malady as it once had. Farmers, looking past the ads, thought they might have a better chance of getting

their eggs to market unbroken, their milk to market as milk instead of butter, if shock absorbers were made standard equipment.

Biggest complaint of all was being compelled to fix those unending punctures. Ironically, the number of punctures could have been drastically reduced but for Henry himself, who actually believed people liked fixing flats. He had a theory it gave them a pioneering thrill to get out and under.

That was the crux of the matter: motorists had grown up. Once they were satisfied just to get outdoors.

Now there was a desire for motoring in comfort. There was little comfort in the gaunt lines of the Model T.

And so, inevitably, it went the way of the horse before it.

But the memories stayed and grew mellow. People who now travel hundreds of miles a day through countryside they hardly notice, passing other motorists who are equally anonymous dots on the highway, often remember the cheery camaraderie of the Model T days. Then, no one was ever alone on the road. Have a breakdown and ten cars drew up, their owners eager

to help. Middle-aged men, looking at their soft, clean hands, now smile reminiscently, remembering that their hands were never clean. The grease was grimed right into the pores but they'd be proud of it for it showed they owned and serviced a Model T.

Now you never think of giving your car a pet-name like Liz or Sweetheart or Betsy or Bertha. It's just "my car," as impersonal as an old shoe.

But the sweet memories of Model T days linger on, for though Liz was no lady she gave every man who wooed her a wonderful run for his money. ★

We discovered there is a difference in roofing ...



"... we're glad we chose
Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles"

"We used to think that all roofing materials were the same until we wanted a roof for our own home! When we began to 'shop around' we learned a lot about colors, styles, protection, cost of application and a host of other important considerations. And we decided Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles would give the most benefits. They harmonized with our color scheme... provided long life at no extra cost. In fact, they have all the features you will want, too!"

ATTRACTIVE NEW COLORS — You can choose from a wide range of rich, warm solid

shades and modern, distinctive blends — just the color to suit your own taste.

LOW COST — J-M Asphalt Shingles are by far the most economical roofing you can find. They are inexpensive to buy... inexpensive to apply. They resist the drying-out action of the hot sun because the waterproofing is "sealed-in" by a special manufacturing process.

FIRE PROTECTION — Fire, from flying sparks, is minimized, too, because Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles have a thick coating of fire-resisting mineral granules. These granules are firmly imbedded so they won't rub off, and leave the felts exposed.

LONG LIFE — Johns-Manville guards every step of manufacture, from raw material to

finished product, to assure top quality. There's long life built right into every J-M Asphalt Shingle.

WEATHER PROTECTION — The first job of any roof is to protect your home from the elements. Let it rain, let it snow, your J-M Asphalt Shingle roof is built to stand up to the weather's worst.

You really should see J-M Asphalt Shingles for yourself. Then you'll appreciate their outstanding quality. If you plan to build or remodel, it will pay you to visit your J-M dealer and see actual samples, or write for free, full-color brochure to Canadian Johns-Manville, Dept. 468, 199 Bay St., Toronto.

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CEDARGRAIN ASBESTOS SIDING • DURABESTOS ROOF SHINGLES • SPINTEX INSULATION • ASBESTOS FLEXBOARD • ASPHALT SHINGLES



A Sentimental Morning

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

shouted from halfway down the bar. "No, I was not," he said untruthfully and he decided that even the rain would be better than this. People were looking at him with distaste, unless that was their normal expression on a wet day.

She came back to him, leaned her plump arms, which were flecked with fading freckles, on the bar. "I thought you were engaged to that lovely Miss Livesy."

One ought never to go back anywhere, for any reason whatsoever. He smiled sardonically. "Well, evidently I didn't marry the lovely Miss Livesy."

Bella was irritated too. This was not her idea of a cosy chat about old times. "Naturally I know that. She married Mr. Welby. A lovely man. With him, a joke if you want it but no sarcasm."

It was ridiculous, after nine years, to feel callously betrayed. Grotesque, because he had not had a thought of Lucy Livesy in his head when he decided to make the visit. Or had he? But could he expect her to have devoted her life to embroidery or dog breeding simply because she hadn't married him? Most people, he felt, would say, no, he couldn't. Very well, he couldn't. She was right to marry. But nobody would ever persuade him that she ought to have married Welby. The exemplary Welby, who always did the right thing in such a way that it aroused in you a strong prejudice in favor of the wrong thing. "I'm very glad to hear it," he said smiling again. "An inestimable asset to any cultured household, Mr. Welby."

"And good-looking too." She was moving down the bar again as she spoke, out to shouting range. "A lot better-looking than you."

"Oh, incommensurably."

HE WAS thinking of a lovely sad autumn morning of mist and sun. He was with Lucy in her little car—how it had embittered him that she should have a sports car of her own when he had nothing but the old family horseless carriage which had the air of having strayed out of a funeral procession and which, anyway, was never available when he wanted it. The cool wind had made her eyes bright with tears so that she seemed to be part of, to embody, the lovely sad morning. About four miles beyond Fennystone they had found that a section of two feet or more had fallen clean out of the old stone humpbacked bridge over the Liddy. "Oh, she'll jump that, won't she?" Lucy said. He had grave doubts but he said: "Of course. Shall I take her over?" She was already reversing to get a take-off. "Not worth the trouble of changing seats." The little car howled down the slope toward the bridge, snarling as she changed gear. Already his ears were full of the crack and rumble as a further section of the bridge collapsed under the impact of the car. As though he were standing apart, watching, he saw the car claw at the far, crumbling side of the gap and then slide squealing backward into the swift green water. The little car mounted the hump at speed. For a moment they were airborne. The rear tires rasped. They were over. Nothing had crumbled. Lucy said: "We'd better call at the police station at Ecclesmoor and let them know about the bridge."

Then they were sweeping up the far

side of the valley, through the belt of trees which were wreathed with gilded mist and cut by oblique shafts of sunlight. "Did you ever see anything more enchanting?" Lucy said. To reassert himself a little he remembered saying: "A trifle overdone, don't you think? Slightly *trompe-l'oeil*." That was the day he and Lucy more or less decided that they completed each other. Now she was married to Welby. Had the poor girl not realized the scandalous immorality of allying herself with a man so triumphantly mediocre as Welby?

YOU'LL be going to see them, I expect?" Bella said, returning.

"Certainly not."

"I know what you think Mr. Welby's like. Well, he's not like that. He still comes in here now and then and he's as nice as can be to everybody."

Squire hurriedly drained his glass and began to button his raincoat.

"You're soaked. It's still raining. You're surely not—"

"I'm one of those people who like the feel of the rain in their faces, Bella. We'll continue our jolly reminiscing later perhaps, eh?" He thrust his way

through the heavy odor of the sheepfold toward the door.

It was a swing door and refused to swing. He pushed harder, petulantly. He took a pace back to get a better purchase and the door swung open in his face. The man pushing on the outside apologized and then said: "Why, good heavens, it's Bob Squire."

Squire sighed. Welby was dressed in a grey autumn overcoat, a rich foulard discreetly puffed under his chin, a dark grey hat. A few globules of rain sparkled elegantly on his shoulders. Not too handsome, the virile

France is famous for wines...



WE DARED TO JUDGE THE



From all parts of France came praise like this:

"I like this wine from Canada—clean and fine!"

Felix Duplus

Monsieur Duplus is "maître des chais," or chief wine maker for the house of Fernand Grivelet et Fils at Chambolle-Musigny on the Côte d'Or, heart of the famous Burgundy wine-growing district.



"It's different and it's delightful!"

Jacqueline Trottelean

Mademoiselle Trottelean is one of the most sought-after fashion models of Paris, working with world-famous couturiers. At a sidewalk cafe near the Eiffel Tower, Mlle. Trottelean sipped her first Canadian wines with much pleasure.



"What a delicious surprise!"

Jean M. Reinoso

Monsieur Reinoso lives in the fascinating Montmartre section of Paris. His paintings have won praise from many Paris art lovers. And Canada's wines won praise from M. Reinoso when he tasted them for the first time a few months ago.

pipe-smoking type, Squire thought derisively, the creation of one of our more refined right-thinking lady novelists. But he suddenly began to feel rather pathetic, hangdog, in his sodden clothes. Welby was shaking his hand with such warmth that it must have stirred the hearts of the spectators. It was annoying, humiliating even. Swiftly Squire decided to be cool, ironic, the disabused man of the world, delicately but unmistakably distant. But before he could act on the decision Welby was dragging him to the bar for a drink like a detective arresting

a rueful but impenitent pickpocket.

Later, in Welby's car, splashing through the rain he pretended to be furious with himself for allowing Welby to take control like that. But he knew perfectly well that he wouldn't have allowed it if he hadn't wanted to. If Welby hadn't turned up he would have contrived some way of seeing—merely seeing, of course, out of simple and natural curiosity—Lucy. What really did exasperate him was the inconsequent way Welby announced that he would have to go out for about an hour but that Lucy and he—Squire—would

have plenty to talk about, wouldn't they? A minimum of good manners, if nothing else, surely demanded that Welby should have displayed at least a little jealousy of Lucy's former fiancé.

Welby was informing Squire that Saigon was in French Indo-China. Squire felt that Welby's conversation was unlikely to add anything to his mental development so he did not bother to listen. What were Lucy's reactions going to be? What had Lucy become under the Welbian tutelage? A plump provincial housewife, a prod-

igy of housewifely lore, knowing instantly how to remove a coffee stain from a white linen tablecloth, an expert at transmuting the scraps left over from yesterday's joint into an appetizing and nourishing dish sufficient for four people, a coveter of her neighbor's new refrigerator . . . ? Surely not, surely not . . . Through the smeared windscreen, through the veil of rain Squire could see the spire of the cathedral soaring up into the gloom, a portentous, upraised finger, which for six centuries had been superbly admonishing—with what success?—the sinful of the diocese. What had Lucy become? How would she behave when she saw him? There had been no brawl when the break came; soldiering, he had simply ceased to answer her letters . . .

the French know good wines . . . so

ASK FRENCHMEN WINES OF CANADA!

Of all the world's people, the French have made the most of the pleasures of wine. They know good wines—they know how much enjoyment wines can bring to life. So when we wanted expert opinions on our Canadian wines, what more natural than to ask the French? We knew that our years of research and our development of new strains of wine-grapes, specially suited to the sun and soil of Niagara, had made our Canadian wines something to be proud of. But we wanted to know what the French would say to them—so off to France went cases of Canadian wines.

We asked dozens of people in all the famous wine districts of France to taste them. We asked artists in Paris, wine-makers in Bordeaux, grape growers in Burgundy. And everywhere we met enthusiasm and surprise at the clean, delicate flavour of these wines from Canada! You can enjoy them too—for only a few cents a glass, they'll sharpen your appetite, brighten your dinner.

CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE
372 BAY ST., TORONTO



CHAMBOLE-MUSIGNY, a quiet village in France's Côte d'Or is surrounded by world famous vineyards. For centuries it has been recognized as the source of many of the best wines of Burgundy. Here, wine makers, vineyard owners and gourmets expressed pleasure and surprise at the high quality of Canadian wines.

WHY DID you stop writing to me?" Lucy said.

They had been alone together for almost twenty minutes, sitting at either side of the bright shallow fire. Steam rose from the bottoms of Squire's trousers—he had refused categorically to change into a pair of Welby's flannels. They had both consistently addressed their observations to the fire as though it were an interpreter. They had dealt pretty exhaustively with the weather—it was still raining—and then broadened the subject to climates, French Indo-China, France, the north and south of England. And now abruptly Lucy asked: "Why did you stop writing to me, Robert?"

She was plumper. But it was a maturing, a ripening, and becoming, very becoming. And she still had that sensitive tremulous movement of her lips immediately before she spoke so that if you knew her intimately you knew whether what she was about to say would be grave or gay. Squire was almost certain that she had paled when she first recognized him. But the light in the hall had been so dim and Welby had flooded the confined space with so much hearty hospitality that they had all been floundering up to the chin in it and he could not be sure.

"Why, Robert?"

"It isn't really easy to explain," he said, looking into the fire. "Chiefly because the explanation is so absurdly simple. It lacks credibility."

"You used not to doubt my ability to understand you."

He looked up quickly but she was gazing down at her hands clasped in her lap. Her wedding ring was concealed. Was it a subconscious gesture or an accident?

"I'll try to explain," he said.

The rumor had gone round the regiment that they were to be sent to North Africa and for no reason at all he had suddenly had the profound unshakable conviction that he was going to be killed on the desert. He smiled into the fire. "Don't get the wrong idea about this. I didn't, as you might suppose, certainly as I would have supposed myself, go around tragic-eyed, white-faced, gnawing my fingernails. On the contrary life had never been so amusing. I felt liberated. Literally, for the first time in my life I felt free. No more problems. No more straining to see into the future. Simply one—and only one—more bridge to cross. So, briefly, I anticipated the bridge-crossing and cut all my communications. I stopped writing letters. To everybody, Lucy." He raised his eyes. She had picked up a book and was running her forefinger along the fore edge. "I knew you wouldn't understand," he said.

"I do. But wasn't it rather cruel?"

"Ah, but you forget my condition. I was happy, granted. Life was intoxicatingly pleasant. But I was also dead,

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to all intents and purposes a corpse. And what has a dead man to do with the living? It would have seemed sheer presumption for me to behave as though I were enduring flesh and blood like other people, sheer false pretense to go on acting as though I would eventually honor obligations to the living."

Lucy did not speak. He tossed his cigarette into the fire, watched it writhe and burn. "Of course, I know now that I was behaving like an idiot. And it was not long before I realized it then. After I had had my second tank shot from under me I became convinced just as unshakably that at the price of eternal vigilance I could stay whole or wholish. And I was vigilant. Quite remarkably vigilant." He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course it was too late then to do anything, the harm had been done. Not that it was harm for you; quite the reverse, I can see that."

Suddenly Squire had another conviction, immediate and horrible: that his tale of intoxicating freedom and living corpses—substantially true—sounded so comic that Lucy must be having difficulty in suppressing an outburst of irreverent laughter. He looked up promptly.

Lucy was gripping the book in both hands. Her head was bent and her cheeks and ears had become quite pink. The corners of her mouth were curled up in what looked like the beginning of a smile. Squire recognized the symptom at once.

He got to his feet and crossed the room to confront a painting of a buxom young girl which hung above a low stack of bookshelves. It turned out to be a reproduction of Hogarth's portrait of his sister. Curious taste, he thought, very odd indeed, when they could probably have got a Picasso reproduction of a woman with three eyes and a forearm a yard long for the same price. He wondered whose peculiar choice it was, Welby's or Lucy's. Or rather that is what he set out to wonder; actually he was thinking and experiencing both discomfort and some relief at the thought that Lucy was about to start crying.

"I'm not going to cry, you know," Lucy said shakily. "When you spoke of crossing bridges it made me think of that enchanting October morning and the broken bridge over the Liddar—you remember?"

He continued to scrutinize the rounded chin and the pert nose of the sister of the father of the English school of painting. "Of course."

"If I had cried it would have been over those two young people. They were rather nice, rather touching, weren't they?"

He deserted Hogarth's sister. Lucy spoke of the "young people" as though she were the oldest inhabitant. He did not feel at all inclined to take a sort of grandfatherly interest in his and Lucy's younger selves. "You were. I was a bit of a prig."

Her eyes were precariously dry, her voice trembled slightly. "No, you were not. You were so charmingly boyish and trying so hard to be mature."

Squire returned to Hogarth's sister. If the charming boy, he thought, had been aware that she was harboring such outrageously disrespectful thoughts about him he would probably have strangled Lucy, put the body in a trunk and taken it to the left-luggage office at the railway station. Or thought seriously about it—not being much of a man of action.

"You know I'm terribly happy with John and Christopher," she said. "It wasn't that I wanted to cry about."

John was Welby, Christopher their three-year-old son. Squire took his

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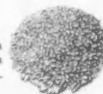


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time lighting a cigarette. Once again, as when Welby had first announced that he was a father—with fatuous pride, Squire considered, as though the event was the fruit of unbelievable skill and industry far beyond the range of ordinary men—once again Squire was appalled at Lucy's monstrous behavior in having a son. But he had not come to moralize, he was determined to be magnanimous.

"As soon as I saw you," he said, "I knew you had no need to cry about that."

It was debatable whether there was any reason to cry about anything. To all appearances, and fantastically enough, she was in fact happy with Welby. Another fact was that the Welbys of this world do, in many ways, make excellent husbands. But I'm far too reasonable, he thought. Far. I allow myself to be influenced too much by mere facts. I must learn to indulge my prejudices more. Nevertheless, Lucy was happy with Welby. But only if I'm not there, he thought. Always with that proviso. I am a "disturbing influence." He derived satisfaction from the reflection.

He abandoned Hogarth's sister, finally, for the last time, to find Lucy looking into the fire. If this house, he thought, had been centrally heated this conversation simply couldn't have taken place. He said: "I don't really understand why you should want to cry over that young couple, charming, very charming as one half of it was."

He looked down at the tip of his cigarette as she slowly turned her face. "Because they are gone, Robert. Gone as though they had never existed. Nothing remains of them."

He nodded at the tip of his cigarette. In a modest way it was ingenious. It explained away her emotion and demonstrated her loyalty to the ineffable Welby. Ingenious but by no means true. A great deal of them remained. He decided to give himself the pleasure of proving it. He raised his eyes, half-smiling.

But when he met Lucy's eyes he stopped smiling. And the automatic mechanism of his mockery was too slow to help him. He was moved—and deeply—before it had time to come into action. He took an involuntary pace toward her, changed direction immediately and ended across the room at a low table tapping the ash from his cigarette into an inadequate ash tray. Her eyes had been bright with anxiety, with uncertainty of herself and quite candidly belied the words she had just spoken. Equally candidly they begged him to go. It was a disquieting tribute to his "disturbing influence."

Chivalry had reared its ugly head and savaged him. Saddening. He straightened up. "They're gone, yes." He smiled. "And as far as the young man is concerned I'm inclined to thank God. And now it's time I was going too, Lucy."

She paid him the compliment of not protesting, though his bag was on the hall stand and it had been understood that he would stay over the week end. Doubtless she would know how to deal with Welby.

In the hall she helped him on with his raincoat. "Oh, it's so wet," she said. "So wet." She tried to persuade him to call a taxi. He preferred to walk, he said. Anybody, he thought, who allows himself to be reduced to this level of noble self-abnegation, of lofty altruism, deserves to get wet.

Her hand when he took it was cold. Her forehead was hot to his lips as he bent and kissed her lightly. "Good-by, Lucy."

"Good-by, Robert," she whispered. Neither added anything.

IT WAS STILL raining steadily. Long reflections zigzagged along the streaming roadway from the street lamps. As he walked he thought: Now she can go up to her room and have the cry we have discussed so extensively. And for a few days, perhaps as long as a week, feel delightfully tragic. Maybe for a couple of days even become pallid and lose her appetite. When, no doubt, the ever-solicitous Welby will advise a course of digestive tablets—which I hope earns him a sharp rebuke. At the end of a couple of weeks she will

be reflecting that I yielded to her plea to leave far too unprotestingly; within six—if she thinks of me at all—that I am an insensitive and unpredictable character only moderately bright. He sighed. But he felt a melancholy yet extremely agreeable little glow. Virtue rewarding itself, he thought, and realized that he must pull himself together. That sort of thing might be dangerously habit-forming.

He looked round alertly. Cross-hatched by the rain, the light of a telephone booth caught his attention. It occurred to him that his urge to

walk in the rain was possibly morbid and had, in any case, been more than satisfied. He consulted his watch. He would have time for a meal and still be able to catch the ten-five south. Time for a leisurely meal even. With a half bottle of burgundy if they were prepared to grill him a steak.

He called a taxi. He would have liked to tell the man to hurry—but it was against his principles to urge people to hurry—because the glow had already gone and he had an aching empty feeling. He was anxious to find out if a steak would cure it. ★



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My Adventures in Basic English

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

is nothing about shops in Dante's."

"Oh yes," contradicted the Englishman. "It deals with all sorts of shops."

We had been driving through picturesque villages and past fields whose rich soil fed the crops and orchards.

"Humus?" I said questioningly.

"Oh, you probably are thinking of Punch," remarked my friend. "Dalton's is not humorous."

We parted then, as we were opposite the country house of my friends. They were charming people and I enjoyed staying with them for a week end. Before leaving them I bowed graciously. "Thank you very much for your hospitality," I said.

They looked ghastly surprised. I thought they had received some bad news before I bid them good-by. Later when I came across the word "hospitality" in the dictionary, I saw again in my fancy very vividly my friends gathered before the entrance looking shocked at me. Even their dogs were simply dumbfounded.

He Just Loves Rats

A nice old lady I met in a train once asked me some place where one could get really decent food. She used to patronize a certain one, but her friend had warned her that, on account of meat shortage, the manager of the restaurant had not minded putting horse meat into a shepherd's pie.

"Of course," I said. "The Bluebell, where I am staying now, has very good food. I do not think they would play any dirty tricks in the kitchen."

"What a charming name!" remarked the old lady animatedly. "It sounds very nice. I like bluebells very much, they are so lovely. Aren't they? By the way, what do they serve for luncheons usually?"

"Two days ago before my leaving for week end they served delicious stewed rat," I said.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling. "Are you not mistaken?"

"Not at all. I myself like rats very much and in France in any good restaurant you could always get stewed rat."

"I still think you are making some mistake," she maintained. "Do you know what is rat?"

"Sure," I said. "It is a little animal, smaller than a cat, and has four legs."

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"... Lovely sleek fur."

"Good heavens!"

"... And long whiskers."

That evening at the Bluebell I waited in vain to see the nice old lady arrive. I was sure that I gave her the proper address.

Next day during lunch I picked up the menu card and had no difficulty in reading, "Stewed Rabbit." I snatched my dictionary immediately, then shivered from horror.

That night I had a dream. My teacher, a melancholy expression in his eyes, was holding a rabbit. The other hand gripped firmly the basic English dictionary.

"We call it in English a rat," he announced slyly. "A rat." He lifted the animal, so anyone could see it distinctly. "Say 'rat'," he asked me with a prepossessing smile.

"Bat," I said.

"Very good, excellent." He was nodding his head. The rabbit kicked vigorously.

"Where is your girl friend?" The poor man was trying obviously to change the subject.

I wanted to convey the idea that my friend had deprived me of her. "My friend depraves my girl for me," I answered.

When I came to Canada in 1948, I hoped my good knowledge of basic English would help me lots. It did not. My first impression of Canada was that of a terribly overworked nation because I discovered numerous "rest rooms" all over the place.

When I said, "You have lots of trams in Toronto," they thought I had swallowed one letter and answered, "Not so many now. You should have seen them during the depression."

Having read that an auction sale would begin sharp at 1 p.m., rain or shine, I arrived duly at 12.45. The other people began to flock at 2 p.m. I asked why they did not advertise the time of the sale as 2.30—which it was obviously. They looked at me as though I was a half wit. "If you announce the beginning at 2.30 everybody would be arriving around 4 p.m.," they explained.

After the sale I was being driven in a sleek car along the highway where big signs said the speed was limited to 50 mph. We clocked happily at 60, and were overtaken by practically every vehicle on the road. I had a brainwave.

"Ah, I understand," I said. "Your authorities want us to drive actually at 70, but if the sign said 70 everybody would do 90. Is that so?"

"Oh, no," they told me. "If they catch you speeding over 50 you are liable to pay a penalty."

One always has to begin from the beginning again. ★

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He Tried to Create the Perfect Wife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

owner. Day had some of the bull's characteristics, too; he could always be quelled by a bright-eyed maiden.

From his father, a rich London merchant, he inherited two thousand pounds a year, roughly the equivalent of a present-day annual income of thirty thousand dollars. This greatly assisted him in his search for a proper bride. By the time he reached Oxford University he was a large, heavy young man, all bone and muscle. He admired the Stoics and was pleased when he could demonstrate his contempt for pain. In an age when bathing was an elaborate indoor luxury Day astonished everyone by hiking twelve miles for a plunge into an icy stream each morning. His daily dip freed him from the common need for perfume so he did not use it. Instead of wearing a powdered wig like the rest of his social class he kept his own shaggy black hair which, in the words of one admiring female, "Adam-like, curled about his brows."

At Oxford he looked darkly on the drinking, gambling and wenching with which most well-heeled students made the time pass. He read philosophy and set down the principles he would follow for the rest of his life. It was at this time that he determined to find a spouse from his own carefully fashioned mold.

Day did not expect to discover such a treasure near Oxford or in London. He thought rather that he would find her living in one of the rugged western counties of England, a worthy shep-

herdess or a sensible milkmaid. He wrote a kind of valentine to this still unknown lady. Two of the verses—of which there were far too many—emphasize the seriousness of his search:

O gentle Lady of the West!
To find thee be my only task;
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast;
No haughty birth or dower I ask.

Sequestered in some secret glade,
With thee unnotic'd would I live;
And if Content adorn the shade,
What more can Heav'n or Nature give?

Little is known of his early explorations among the fair ladies of the west except that he covered a great deal of ground without finding a wife—and he had no part in the aristocratic pastime of ruining country girls. It is on record that about this time he heard of a young lord who had seduced a local farm girl and sent the cad a challenge (which was ignored) to do right by his victim or fight a duel. In his own decorous research, however, Day learned that the milkmaids had round white arms but their minds were a little too simple to make them satisfactory life-long companions. They spoke in strange rustic dialects he had never heard at Charterhouse School or Oxford, and only gawped and giggled when he talked to them about philosophy. Since his object was exclusively matrimony he decided that the rural belles had nothing to offer him.

Considering the list of qualifications Day laid down for his spouse, it seems impossible that any lady he met could have been even remotely eligible. He despised women in general—"that sex whose weakness of body and imbecility of mind can only entitle them to our compassion and indulgence"—but doted on the individual woman who happened to stun him. Fate had her first surprise prepared for him, in Ireland, and his ideas were due for a revolution.

When Day was twenty his best friend, Richard Edgeworth, whose family were Irish landed gentry, invited him to the family seat for a long visit. Edgeworth was intrigued by Day's unconventional personality and wished to show him off at home; he may also have guessed that he had something at home to open his young friend's eyes. Day crossed over unsuspecting to the magic island—to have his theories upset and his reason drowned by the spell of Richard's sister, Margaret.

There are no temperate descriptions of Margaret Edgeworth. Men's references to her all seem to have turned rhapsodic. When visitors recovered from the impact of her beauty they were taken with her grace, breeding and wit. Her highborn English elegance was visible at a glance, but she was also possessed with some subtle Celtic witchery. The combination was too much for Thomas Day and he decided that if she was not his ideal she was something better. Yet she represented most of what he denounced in women. She dressed exquisitely and expensively, had all the accomplishments of eighteenth-century ladies and sparkled in company. Day was baffled to discover that somehow his standards were not relevant to her case. Before he could help himself he was wooing her in the only way he knew: he talked philosophy to her.

Margaret took a while to get used to her strange new suitor, but with Richard's help, and weeks of talking, Day made gradual headway. Although Margaret abashed Day in the drawing-room, when he could get her away alone she seemed impressed by what he said. Almost in spite of herself she was swayed by his forceful character, his

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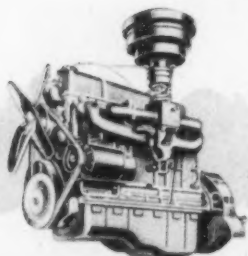
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kindness and his pointed arguments. In one remote room or another of the rambling Edgeworth mansion he would expound his theories while she would look at him with her lovely eyes, until both their heads were swimming. One day he culminated a philosophical disquisition by proposing marriage. Bemused, the girl accepted.

If Day found it hard to believe he had won such a prize, the maiden's father was still more incredulous. Day shunned the elegant dress and manners of the day and worked at being a child of nature. Old Edgeworth, a fastidious gentleman, from the beginning had written off his son's visitor as an uncouth lout, and it seemed impossible that such a superb creature as his daughter could put up with him. Yet when Day asked Edgeworth's consent the old man could find nothing wrong with his fortune or his moral character and could not decently refuse. They decided that Day should go back to London and spend the winter polishing his manners while Margaret cultivated her mind with study at home.

Day would rather have gone through the legendary tests of fire and water to prove his love than work at acquiring the affectations he hated, but he went at it doggedly. Back in Ireland, with the warm sound of his voice faded in her memory, Margaret could not forget the noise of his soup spoon: she forgot how his eyes brightened over a noble thought but remembered how he shambled into a drawing-room. Her father, near at hand, was always ready to let her know that he considered her engagement a ludicrous mistake. After some months of doubt, she wrote to Day in London that she held him in highest respect but could not marry him.

Day was crushed yet still articulate and he expressed his despair in one of his lavish rhymes:

So fade my promised joys! — fair scenes of bliss,
Ideal scenes, too long believed in vain,
Plunged down and swallowed deep in Time's abyss!
So veering Chance, and ruthless Fate ordain.

In his abyss, Day did not blame Margaret for the blighting of the engagement, and certainly not himself or his theories. He blamed society, and the artificial education that prevented cultivated women from appreciating his simple virtues. Brooding over his recent disaster he hatched the major plan of his career.

He decided his only chance of finding a wife who was unspoiled like the milkmaids, cultured like Miss Edgeworth, and moreover devoted to him, was to educate her himself. He would find a promising young girl with no family and train her to become the bride he wanted. He would, in fact, start with *two*—to allow a margin for error—and marry whichever turned out better.

The system of education he intended to use was outlined in the book *Emile* by Jean Jacques Rousseau. Day did not spare his enthusiasm for what he liked and he ecstatically acknowledged the source of his ideas:

Excellent Rousseau! First of human-kind! Behold a system which, preserving to man all the faculties and the excellences and the liberty of his nature preserves a medium between the brutality and ignorance of the savage, and the corruptions of society! . . . To yield without murmuring to necessity, to exert properly the faculties of nature, to be unbiased by prejudice, are the simple foundations of everything that is great, good, sublime.



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The plan was only a little selfish. Day considered an education according to his principles and Rousseau's the greatest benefit a child could receive. A friend of his in London agreed and was particularly well qualified to advise him. This man, named John Bicknell, shared his admiration for Rousseau's ideas and still more he admired women of all ages and shapes. He represented his admiration as aesthetic, though his enemies were more likely to use the word lascivious. Bicknell liked Day's plan and offered to go along through the girls' foundling homes to help pick out a likely orphan or two.

They began by traveling to the west of England, where Day had previously noted that the women were unspoiled. At Shrewsbury they located an orphanage whose inmates went each morning to work in a woollen factory handy on the Severn River. None of the girls at that orphanage was spoiled. The two men had then paraded out in their plain grey uniforms.

Bicknell was the first to spot the auburn-haired girl with the wide dark eyes. She was hard to miss even in an orphanage smock, and Day stopped her to investigate further. She modestly lowered her long lashes when the men spoke to her and answered their questions in a soft musical voice while they congratulated each other on her "remarkably promising appearance." They named her Sabrina, after the virgin goddess of the Severn River, and hurried her back to London.

Creating The Ideal Woman

Sabrina was twelve and the men decided to find her a companion of about the same age. In a London orphanage Bicknell's venturing eye again hit a jackpot. The girl was eleven, blonde and merry, and eager to go with Bicknell and Day. They named her Lucretia and took her home. Even in those days when laws to protect orphans were practically nonexistent it was a little unusual for a bachelor to adopt two female foundlings but authorities offered no objection to Day's scheme, especially since his friend Edgeworth vouched for his honesty of purpose.

So Day started the education, in his own house, which was to dower Sabrina and Lucretia with all the qualities of the ideal woman. His main plan was to let them discover things for themselves, answering their questions with practical demonstrations. He taught them to read and write only when they became curious about the contents of books. At first he prompted them to ask questions but soon he was talking to them by the hour, treating them to the dissertations which had so impressed Margaret Edgeworth. After the orphanages—and the woollen mill—both girls were happy to listen as long as he liked. They were also happy to do their share of the housework, for Day, although he had servants, believed people should be able to take care of themselves.

But even with his pupils' co-operation Day felt he was not making enough progress. He blamed it on the London surroundings. There were too many distractions. Besides his friends Bicknell and Edgeworth there were too many nosey-parkers looking in to see how he was getting along; too many offering advice. He was only about ten years older than his charges and his reputation as "the most virtuous man that ever lived" did not, in the cynical eighteenth century, keep some people from making uncharitable remarks.

So he took his girls to France and although the French soon accepted him and his way of life, rather appreciating



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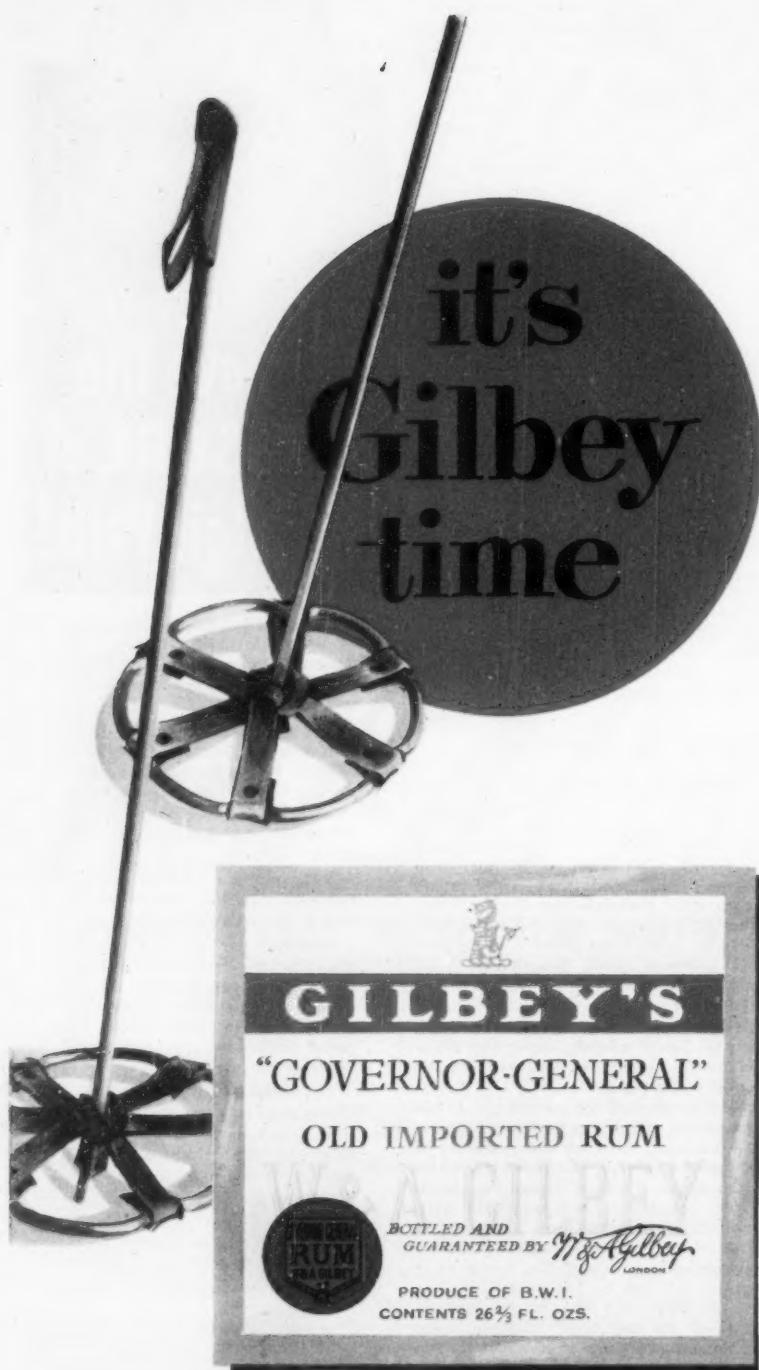


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him as an original—*un type*—he remained suspicious of them. They certainly were not English. He observed: "There is indubitably among the French a greater spirit of dissipation than among the English," and he considered any contact between his wards and the natives to be dangerous. When one young French officer spoke to them casually Day insisted on a duel until the Frenchman, wondering who was crazy, apologized without knowing what he was supposed to have done.

Yet in spite of the wear on his nerves he thought his program was working out. He wrote to Edgeworth from Avignon:

I am not disappointed in any one respect. I am more attached to, and more convinced of the truth of my principles than ever. I am very sure that the company of these children has preserved me from a great many melancholy hours. I have made them, in respect to temper, two such girls as, I may perhaps say without vanity, you have never seen at the same age. They have never given me a moment's trouble throughout the voyage, are always contented, and think nothing so agreeable as waiting on me.

To illustrate his progress he enclosed a letter dictated by Sabrina:

Dear Mr. Edgeworth, I am glad to hear you are well, and your little boy—I love Mr. Day dearly, and Lucretia—I am learning to write—I do not like France so well as England—the people are very brown and dress very oddly—the climate is very good here. I hope I shall have more sense *against* I come to England—I know how to make a circle and an equilateral triangle—I know the cause of night and day, winter and summer. I love Mr. Day best in the world, Mr. Bicknell next, and you next.

Sabrina, to judge by her letter, was enjoying herself. Her guardian seems to have protested his own satisfaction too much. He was not perfectly happy. It was a nuisance taking the children everywhere he went. On a trip across the stormy Rhône, an undertaking designed to toughen body and spirit, the boat capsized and during Day's dramatic double-rescue they all nearly drowned. The three of them, always together, began to bore each other. Sabrina and Lucretia squabbled and they both pestered Mr. Day to desperation. They were forgetting the orphanage.

Finally both little tourists got small-pox. They had fits if they were left alone or with anyone who did not speak English so Day was on twenty-four-hour nursing duty. He looked after them in every detail and kept their hands from their faces so that their clear complexions were undamaged but when it was all over he needed a holiday.

Then the weary philosopher took stock of his experiment. Lucretia, he decided, would never be a wife for him. His system depended on the pupils asking questions, but she never knew what questions to ask. Besides, she was silly. He apprenticed her to a milliner and settled enough money on her to ensure that she would marry as well as she deserved. Sabrina was brighter and more devoted to her protector, but she too fell short of his dreams. He decided to send her to boarding school, keep in touch with her and wait to see how she would turn out.

The philosopher's friends became worried when he shelved the education scheme. All agreed they must get him married quickly. Richard Edgeworth felt especially responsible for his

earnest friend after Margaret jilted him. He suggested that Day come to a town not far from London where Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," was trying to maintain an English *salon*. The Swan was showing off a dazzling protégée. This young ornament, Honora Sneyd, was beautiful, educated and artistic, with delicate sentiments—a maiden any discriminating man would want to marry. Edgeworth knew, because he would have married her himself, except that he had already got tied up with an unpleasant wife.

Day went to Lichfield to meet Miss Sneyd. Honora was somewhat frail, and she belonged to the fashionable world. Day could see that Edgeworth was nursing a hopeless passion for her. This made him doubtful. He waited several months until he gradually but unmistakably "felt the power of her charms"; then he discussed the situation with Edgeworth who renounced Honora for himself and advised his friend to go into action.

Day had been impressed by Honora's understanding and eventually felt that her mobile mind had come into harmony with his. He wrote out a lengthy proposal which he described to Edgeworth in these words:

It contains the sum of many conversations which have passed between us. I am satisfied that if the plan of life I have here laid down meets her approbation we shall be perfectly happy. Honora Sneyd is so reasonable, so perfectly sincere, and so much to be relied upon that if she once resolves to live a calm and secluded life she will never wish to return to more gay or splendid scenes. If she once turn away from public admiration she will never look back again with regret.



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After a few touches to perfect its literary style he bashfully handed the bulky packet of papers to Honora.

The belle took forty-eight hours to read the proposal and write her reply. She agreed with some of Day's points and disagreed with others. She did not think all the concessions in a marriage should be made by the wife but that each partner should have an equal voice in family matters. One concession she definitely would not make was to retire from *le beau monde* where she was having such triumphs.

Day was at first too stunned to realize that his marriage plan, and thereby he himself, had been rejected. Then he collapsed from the anxiety of the last two days and ran up a violent fever. He was very sick. While he was convalescing he was invited to a ball. Everyone of social consequence in Lichfield was there. Edgeworth greeted his friend, feeling a little guilty, suffering as much as Day himself for love of Honora Sneyd, and casting about for some way to brighten the situation. He led his fellow sufferer straight to a seventeen-year-old girl newly arrived in Lichfield—Honora's sister, Elizabeth Sneyd.

Elizabeth had her sister's fine features but was a vivacious brunette rather than a languid blonde, had eyes and a complexion glowing with health, laughed often, was alert, generous and impressionable. Her impact on the sad young man was sudden and total. Only when he met Elizabeth did he realize what Honora lacked—because Elizabeth had it.

Elizabeth was as suddenly taken with Day as he with her. She had never met anyone like him. When he described his ideal of love and marriage she exclaimed that if a man capable

of such love offered it to her "with truth and violence" she would be his completely. Day offered it that way, and she was his.

Day was in bliss, until Elizabeth innocently asked one awkward question. He had said he despised the performances of elegant gentlemen—dancing, fencing, wearing clothes well and making refined gestures—but did he know if he was capable of them himself—and could he renounce them without having mastered them?

He was shaken. Consulting his principles he recognized that only if he acquired the courtly graces could he and Elizabeth scorn them justly and advisedly together. So back he went to France to start the grim business of becoming a dandy.

He needed all his stoicism to endure the grueling course he took on. Every day he stood for hours in a wooden contraption to force his legs into a fashionable shape. Light-footed instructors taught him dancing in a hurry—"the military gait, the fashionable bow, minuets and cotillions." His fencing master, like all the foreign lackeys he hired, took liberties, until Day got fed up, broke the startled man's sword and kicked him downstairs; then he apologized, bought the instructor a new sword and went on with the grind.

A whole winter of anguish passed and Day was at last certified adept in all the gentlemanly accomplishments. As a final flourish he laid in a French wardrobe of satins, buckles, laces and wigs before he hurried back to Elizabeth.

New Lands, New Ladies

Elizabeth was a year older and had been through her first social season but she was still a simple unaffected girl. When her ponderous suitor minced into the room, bowed low and struck an attitude, she demonstrated the natural impulsive manners he loved so well; she laughed, and the harder he tried to establish a sober atmosphere the more convulsed she became. He was like a dancing bear. She had been attracted by his virile dignity; now, though she still respected his moral qualities, she could not take him seriously. In that one terrible episode Day's hope of marrying Elizabeth ended. He allowed himself to feel a trifle bitter.

With grimmer determination than ever he set out on new travels, searching single-mindedly among women of all classes and many nationalities. Again and again he gave his heart completely away and after each calamity he grew another. An ever-increasing public in England and on the Continent was now following his moves with fascinated interest.

His hopeless courtship of a brilliant but cold Frenchwoman, Mlle Panckoucke, completed Day's disillusion after a few discouraging encounters in Holland. He returned in a black mood to London.

One of his first acts was to check on Sabrina's progress at boarding school. The moment he saw her he decided to take her out of the school and finish her education himself. She was now a blooming sixteen. While her protector was away she had made him the centre of romantic daydreams. She trembled and blushed when their hands accidentally touched and she listened to every word he spoke. He stepped up her training program. So that she would learn to despise trifles he gave her expensive jewelry and laces, then ordered her to throw them into the fire. He discharged pistol blanks at her petticoats to make her fearless. He dropped melted wax on her arms to



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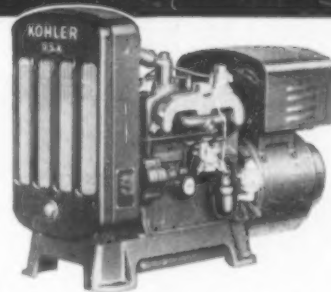
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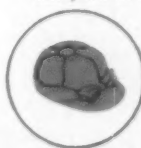
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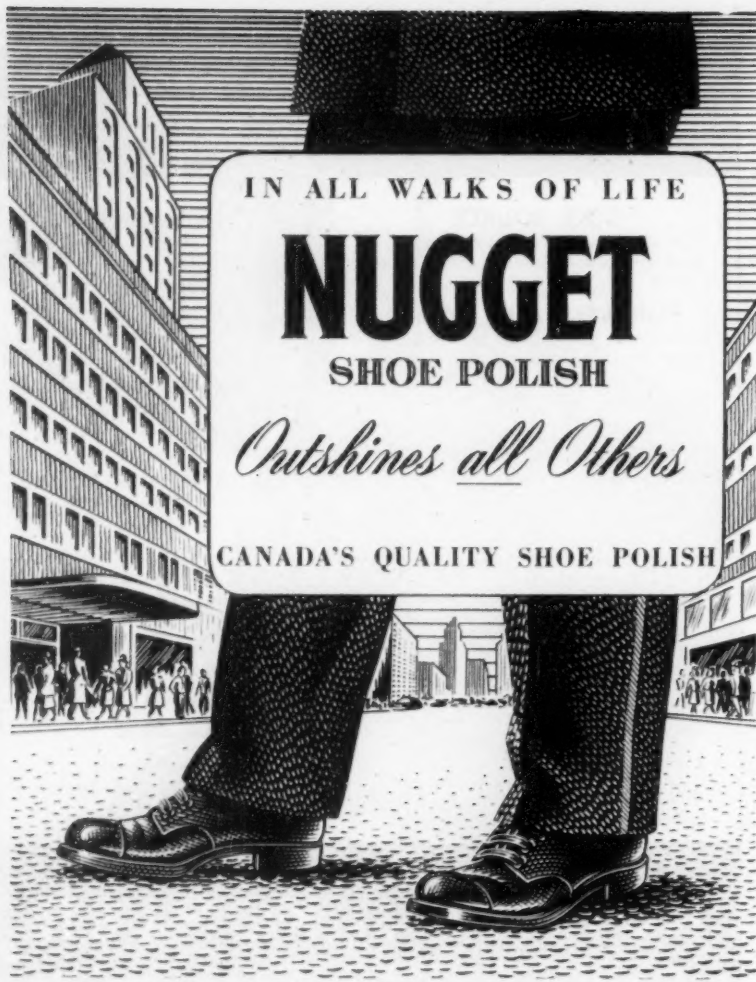
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inculcate a stoical contempt for pain. Sabrina was no Stoic but for Day's sake she managed to smile bravely.

Her guardian should have been satisfied but something was wrong. He could not look at her like a lover through his critical eye of a teacher. He sensed that she was eager but slightly stupid, that she acted not from philosophical principles but from a tremulous desire to please, and that she would never be the wife he wanted. It was no good. Day decided to write off his experiment as "the extravagancies of a warm heart and of a strong imagination." If Sabrina married he would be there as a father to give her away, not as the bridegroom.

As soon as Day abandoned his claim to Sabrina, Bicknell, who had picked her in the first place and who had remained a rather misbehaving bachelor, moved in to make her his own wife. Day's friend Edgeworth, when his wife died, married Honora Sneyd, whom he had introduced to Day. When Honora expired from consumption Edgeworth next married her flourishing sister Elizabeth.

All this time, however, another of Day's close friends, whose name was Dr. Small, had been keeping an ace-in-the-hole up in Yorkshire. Dr. Small believed there was no use interfering until Day had made up his mind about Sabrina. Then he wrote, saying, in effect, "Here she is! Her name is Esther Milnes and she is what you are looking for." Day packed his bags once more.

For years Esther Milnes had been beating off powdered and bewigged suitors and dreaming of a strong, simple, kind and wise man who would carry her away from the glittering empty life of a young heiress. Her mirror and account book showed her two reasons why she was sought after, but Esther had learned to despise vanities. She was called Minerva for her wisdom and was accredited, by her friends, as a poetess. She expressed her characteristic sentiments in one of her long poems:

The transient beauties of a form
Soon they desert the brightest maid,
And all her vain attractions fade.
Then while improvement's in thy
pow'r,
Seek virtue, that immortal flow'r.

Day could find nothing wrong with this. Yet he approached warily, suspecting that the female sex had another booby trap for him. The lady's "vain attractions" were what he particularly distrusted. He was careful to note before he might become involved that she was slightly on the small side and not robust—but her arms were round and white. Austerely he turned his mind back to philosophy and set about investigating Esther's mind.

He found that Esther could talk, and better still she could listen. They mapped out each other's views on the subjects they considered most important—poetry, politics, education, virtue, solitude, marriage. He was unquestionably interested.

Most of their discussions somehow turned to the topic of marriage—in the abstract—and Esther showed Day part of an essay she had written:

When two congenial minds possessed of virtue, understanding and sensibility are united in Hymen's bands by the gentle tie of love, strengthened with the golden cord of friendship, I can conceive no happiness equal to what the conjugal state must afford.

Day was staggered—he could have been reading his own words!

He conceded to Dr. Small after a few months: "Her sentiments are more conformable to my own than that of any of her sex I have met with."

For several more months the situation continued favorable but unchanged.

Esther had decided from the beginning that Day was the only man she could ever love. She brought all her resources into play. But Day, although he now knew that if he was ever to find a wife she would be Esther Milnes, was nearly thirty and had been disappointed too often to dare propose again. They both waited nervously. Then in the atmosphere of increasing tension Day's health broke down and he was ordered away to Bath for a cure. He had scarcely begun to sample the tonic waters when Esther showed up. She was not sick, she had just come to see how he was. Faced with such proof of devotion, Day hesitated no longer but handed her a battered bundle of papers—his written proposal, the same written proposal Honora Sneyd had declined. Esther was enchanted. She read the proposal and understood it and agreed with every item.

So Thomas Day married Esther Milnes. A modern psychologist might



claim that in all Day's previous courtships an unconscious interior warning made him raise the special barrier most effective to prevent a wedding in each case. Perhaps that is true, since it is now apparent that marriage with any but Esther would have been calamitous, but if so, he made himself unhappy enough in the process.

There is little to say about their marriage except that they were happy. They moved to a country house where Esther saw none of her family or friends again and did not miss them. Thomas hauled her out in every kind of weather for twelve-mile walks and she soon gained a radiant good health she had never known. For whole days he talked philosophy to her and she always agreed with him, not just to please him but because she knew he was right.

Day felt he had proved his theories about women. He also had a theory about horses. He believed he could train them by patient persuasion and kindness. One afternoon he was reasoning with a colt when it threw him over on his head, breaking his neck. He died in a few minutes.

After that, Esther tried to continue the same interests she had shared with her husband but she could not make herself care about anything. This bothered her because she knew Thomas expected her to be stoical. She died very soon, of no cause the doctors were able to identify. Her heart was broken.

Few couples ever were so well-mated as Thomas and Esther Day. Surely no husband ever sought his destined wife with so much perseverance and energy. His life's motto could have been: "Be my Valentine."

The spot where the Days were buried should be a shrine for lovers. And so it might have become, only the gentle sex kept disturbing Thomas Day even after death. In 1914 the church where he lay was set on fire by suffragettes and every trace of his grave was destroyed by the rampaging women. ★

John Tunney's Fight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

following remarkable resolution passed: "To enable the union to carry out the business of running the local in a satisfactory manner, it was moved by Brother Baxter and seconded by Brother Miller that the constitution be suspended."

Another incident that disturbed John Tunney was the firing of sixty-two-year-old Andy Allison, a former union president. Allison had worked for Silverwood Dairies for over twenty years as a route driver, supervisor and foreman; in recognition of his services, the company had presented him with a gold watch. But a series of disagreements with Houle led to his expulsion from the union in 1943 and the loss of his job.

To start with, there had been the matter of the Turnbull loan. The union had loaned money to Harry Turnbull, a friend and co-worker of Allison's. Turnbull had put up his house at 575 Melbourne St., East Kildonan, as security. Turnbull died without repaying the loan. Thereupon, Houle took title to the property in his own name.

Allison was critical of this step. Whenever the subject was broached, Houle firmly maintained that the Turnbull property was a personal matter, not a union matter. The full report of the auditor, which was not shown to the entire membership, stated, "We have examined the certificate of title to this property which is registered in the name of E. Houle. In our opinion a declaration of trust should be executed by him in favor of the local."

Allison had also been critical of Houle because of the way in which members were being initiated into the union. In 1943 Allison broke his back and was off work for four months. Upon his return, he was given a job cleaning stables and fixing tires. Weakened by his illness and suffering from a bronchial condition, he asked Houle to help him get a transfer to an indoor job. Houle refused. Allison then protested the manner in which Houle ran the executive meetings. Finally he reported his criticisms of the union leader to International headquarters at Indianapolis and a special executive session was arranged to hear the charges. Allison entered the meeting room and noticed that only four of the seven executive members were in attendance. "This meeting can't legally arrive at any conclusions," he claimed, and walked out. Ten days later he received a letter stating that he had been expelled from the union. Shortly after the superintendent of the dairy approached him. "I'm sorry Andy," he said, "but I've got to let you go. The union fires people—not the dairy."

Because of his age, Allison was jobless for the next two years. His family survived by taking in boarders. Allison tried to sell grocery products from door to door and later got a job as a janitor. He still holds that job today.

The Allison episode confirmed Tunney's belief that the rights of individual union members were in jeopardy. Because of his willingness to get up at meetings and speak his mind he became recognized as a sort of unofficial grievance committee for the rank and file. Between November 1945 and March 1946 he received numerous complaints. Houle continued to disregard the constitutional methods of receipting payments made by union members for their dues. Often payments were not receipted. One driver had a book in which not a single stamp had been

placed for almost two years. Another had an empty book which didn't even contain his name; still another who had been paying dues for several months didn't even have a book.

Despite his preoccupation with union affairs, Tunney had to earn a living. He would start his milk route at five in the morning and generally be finished by three in the afternoon. He received thirty-six dollars a week; later, as a salesman calling on stores, he got forty-two dollars a week. An accomplished baker and cook, he enjoyed talking shop with housewives. Once,

he rescued a customer by whipping up a cake for her in fifteen minutes, in time to be served to guests coming for dinner.

Neighbors and friends refer to Tunney as "a family man." Occasionally he would attend a Canadian Legion meeting or do some curling and bowling but most nights he stayed in, playing his flute for his admiring children or playing Canasta with his wife. On Saturday night he would have the boys in for poker and beer while the wives sat around knitting. However, as Tunney's interest in union affairs

increased, the amount of time he had to spend with his family decreased. The more he learned about the way Local 119's business was being run, the more he wanted to learn.

Tunney's findings prompted him to get up at a regular union meeting in March 1946 and demand that the auditor's report be read in full at the next meeting. Only an abridged version of the report had ever been shown to the members. As a reply, Houle jumped to his feet, glared at Tunney and shouted, "You can go straight to hell." By persisting Tunney finally got

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE **GEORGETOWN ONTARIO**

a motion passed that union members could examine the auditor's report by visiting the union office. A few weeks later in company with three milk drivers, Cy Holmes, Sam Stewart and George Ferguson, Tunney showed up at the Labor Temple. An argument ensued with Houle. Finally it was agreed that the books would be shown on condition that Tunney waited outside in the hall. Houle bawled the men out. "I'm surprised to see that you men mix with Tunney," he shouted.

Even with a limited examination of the union's books, the three men found many irregularities. Ferguson for example looked up the ledger number —453—assigned to him in his due book. He could not find his name in the ledger. The visit to the Labor Temple ended on a sour note. Houle asked the men why they hadn't shown an interest in the union books before this. George Ferguson replied that all of them had been in the armed forces and had only resumed their interest in union affairs recently. Houle responded by telling the men they were a bunch of "Zombies." He singled out Ferguson for a special attack. "Why," he said, "I've done more for my country by spending the war sitting in my office on my behind than you did by going overseas. Now get out." The men left to avoid a brawl.

It was not until several months later, when Tunney was to obtain a court order enabling him and Eldon Johnston, a public accountant whom he had employed at his own expense to examine the union's books, that the full extent of the executive's doubtful methods became known. Of thirty union due books which Tunney had collected from fellow members, not one corresponded with the entries in the ledger. The Sick Benefit Fund was being mismanaged. Benefits, according to the constitution, were to be limited to one hundred and sixty dollars per member per year. Yet in the year ending April 30, 1947, A. Deschenes had received \$224.50, E. Johnston \$475.50 and W. Brolly \$401. Tunney himself had received fifteen dollars in sick benefits from Houle in cash after being off work for three days with an infected wisdom tooth. Yet the books showed that he had been given twenty-six dollars and fifty cents. The auditor's report dated April 30, 1947, showed that Houle and the executive had transferred \$4,976.80 from the general revenue fund of the union to the Sick Benefit Fund to make up a deficit. The constitution states that the funds are to be kept separately.

Private loans to members are forbidden by the constitution. Tunney found Houle and the executive had made thirty-eight loans to members, including executive officers. The books contained such vague statements as "Loan to suspended member written off—\$72.00." The books showed that members of the executive had exempted themselves from paying union dues. The international constitution forbids this.

Tunney discovered that Houle had used union funds in many other ways not sanctioned by the constitution. He had invested five thousand dollars in the Labor Temple; he had contributed money to help establish a local newspaper, the Winnipeg Citizen which was to fail; he paid out death benefits on a basis so confusing that later on, investigators had difficulty in understanding it.

By the spring of 1947, union morale was so low that of Local 119's nine hundred members, fewer than forty bothered to go to general meetings. Negotiations were now under way with the Winnipeg dairy owners for a cost-of-living bonus. Houle and his execu-

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tive unanimously urged the men to accept an increase of forty cents a week. Tunney spoke against the proposal. "Why that would only mean a pack of cigarettes and a coke," he said.

He was supported by Emile Bernier, a forty-year-old checker working for the St. Boniface Creamery. "The way Houle is urging us to accept a measly forty cents a week, you'd think he was working for the dairy owners, not for us," he said. Because of this outburst and previous ones in which he defied the executive, Bernier was expelled from the union and automatically lost his job. Besides working in the dairy, Bernier made money playing the trombone and saxophone and held a card in the musicians' union. Houle demanded that Bernier write him a letter of apology on pain of being thrown out of the musicians' union, also an AFL affiliate. Bernier complied.

But many other members now shared the feeling of Tunney and the unhappy Bernier that negotiations were not being handled in a satisfactory manner. The union constitution empowered any three members to demand a special meeting by presenting the executive with a signed request. Fearing that if only three members signed such a request they might be singled out for reprisals, Tunney, George Ferguson and Dave Williamson circulated a petition and obtained a hundred signatures asking for a special meeting.

On May 6, 1947, they entered the Teamsters' office to present their petition. Houle was sitting at a table with three members of the executive. He took the petition, glanced at it, then ripped it into pieces and flung it in the waste basket. "That's what I think of you and your ——— drivers," he shouted. "Now get the hell out of here." Dave Williamson got down on his knees and carefully retrieved the scraps. "We're going to need this," he said. (It was to be produced later as evidence.)

Criticism of Houle's conduct became more common. He ended one argument with Tunney with the threat, "Remember this, Tunney: I'm doing all right and you still have to feed your wife and kids." When George Ferguson once pointed out that members of the executive acted like puppets he was condemned by Houle as an "agitator." Houle's domination of the executive became so complete that president Harold Orchard often conferred with him before accepting a motion from the floor. Issues were usually decided by a voice vote of "aye" or "nay"; many observers felt that the chairman often declared as the winner whatever side he favored, regardless of which was the louder.

It was obvious that a showdown was inevitable. It came when Tunney re-

ported for work July 21, 1947. He was greeted by Bill Mortimer, a Crescent Creamery official, with the words, "Too bad, Tunney, but you don't work here any more." Tunney was dumbfounded. He went to see Bill Johnson, the general manager. Johnson showed him a letter from the union stating that Tunney had been suspended at an executive meeting on June 18.

That night a registered letter arrived at Tunney's house reading in part:

You passed a remark on several occasions that you have the goods on the secretary (business agent and secretary-treasurer E. Houle) obtained by you through you making investigations. Insinuating that discrepancies exist in the affairs of the union.

Statements of this sort are detrimental to the welfare of the union.

Your trial has been set for Monday, August 4, at 3 p.m. in the Labor Temple, 165 James St.

(Sgd.) H. M. ORCHARD,
President.

Later, in discussing the so-called suspension and trial of Tunney, Chief Justice Williams observed, "... the purported expulsion of the plaintiff was in bad faith, the rules of the constitution had not been observed and the fundamental principles of justice were disregarded ..."

What Were The Charges?

The constitution outlines the manner in which a union member can be suspended. Two members can prefer written charges against any other member, detailing the charges so that the accused knows exactly what he has to defend himself against. The executive then grants the accused a fair hearing and brings in a recommendation to the membership which votes on whether the accused should be suspended. In the Tunney case, no written charges were made; he was suspended by the executive first and informed about it afterward; at his hearing, no specific charges were laid against him—in the words of the Chief Justice, the so-called charges were nothing more than "rhetoric" and "innuendo"; and finally, the executive's decision to suspend Tunney after the hearing was never ratified by the general membership.

At the executive meeting held to "try" him, Tunney was asked by president Harold Orchard how he pleaded. Tunney said the hearing was illegal since the union had failed to follow constitutional procedure. Furthermore, how could he plead when there were no specific charges against him? This angered Houle. "If you don't like the way we do things here you can go somewhere else," he shouted.

Five witnesses were called. The events that followed are reconstructed

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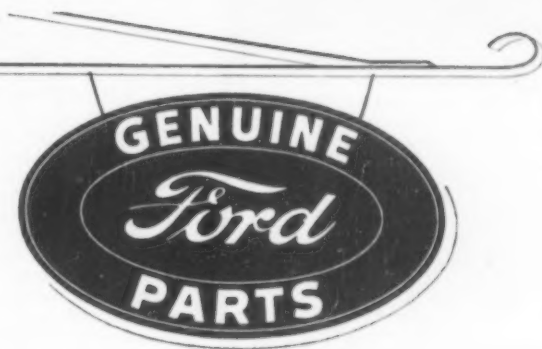
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below, based on the sworn testimony of four of the witnesses. The first was Maurice Barker who stated that about two months earlier, Tunney had climbed on his milk wagon and told him that he "had the goods" on Ed Houle and that he would be getting rid of him in a few months. Questioned by Tunney, Barker couldn't produce a witness to this statement.

The second witness was William McClelland, who had been invited by Houle to testify against Tunney. McClelland said he had met Tunney on the corner of Sargent and Valour Road one morning. Tunney had said, "You're going to get quite a surprise one of these days!" McClelland asked, "What about?" But, despite his persistent questioning, Tunney would not elaborate.

The third witness was Joe Widiner, another driver. He testified that the day before the trial Houle had asked him to give testimony. At the trial, he was asked if he had heard Tunney repeating rumors that the RCMP were about to seize the union's books and that a new executive would be in power within forty-eight hours. "I told them I didn't hear these rumors from the mouth of Brother Tunney," said Widiner. Houle told him to get out.

The fourth witness was Dennis Furness, another Crescent Creamery driver. Houle had asked him if he had heard from Tunney that the union was eighteen thousand dollars short. Furness told the tribunal he had never heard Tunney discussing the matter.

The fifth witness, George Ferguson, testified, "Tunney and I work the same route and we speak to each other two or three times a day. We also see each other a few nights a week. But I never heard Tunney say that Mr. Houle was eighteen thousand dollars short or that he had the goods on him."

Tunney pleaded not guilty. Chairman Orchard then asked Houle and Tunney to leave the room while a decision was being reached. Houle refused and demanded that the executive punish Tunney. Asked again to leave the room with Tunney, Houle burst out, "I wouldn't be seen in the same room as that rat and that no-good..." At this point Tunney and Houle almost got into a fist fight and had to be forcibly restrained. The hearing broke up in disorder.

Three days later Tunney received a letter stating that "it is the unanimous decision of the executive that you are guilty of the charge as read to you at the trial." His suspension from Local 119 was now final and permanent.

A special meeting of the union membership was called on Aug. 29 to ratify the executive's decision. Ferguson, Hartley, Williamson and other friends of Tunney protested against the way Tunney had been treated. The meeting finally broke up in disorder. The membership was never to endorse Tunney's suspension from the union.

Nowhere in the union records is there a complete account of Tunney's suspension. Despite the requirements of the constitution the executive didn't keep complete written records of union business. Thus, there were no written minutes of the executive meeting held

July 18, 1947, at which Tunney was suspended. Minutes of meetings were in such skeletonized form as to be almost useless. For example when it was announced at the general meeting of Oct. 14, 1947, that Houle and the executive were being sued for illegally suspending a member, misappropriating union funds, and inefficient administration, the only mention in the minutes is, "Brother Houle reported on the lawsuits against the executive and himself."

Why were the minutes of the union kept in such a sketchy manner? Part of the answer is that recording secretary Albert Cowley made notes of what transpired at a meeting on a scrap of paper and handed it to Houle who dictated the minutes for the record.

The days following his firing were black ones for Tunney. He was jobless and without savings. He gave up most of his leisure-time activities. He knew he was blacklisted wherever the Teamsters Union held contracts. An official of one dairy company told him, "Keep

away, Tunney. You're red hot." Finally, he took a job with a packing company killing sheep and hogs. The plant was an open shop.

Tunney developed a skin rash all over his body which his doctor described as being of nervous origin. Before he had been talkative and friendly; now he spent hours sitting in his living room quietly thinking. He couldn't sleep at night; to pass the time, he would pace up and down the living room, smoking

one cigarette after another.

He laid charges against Houle, addressed to the local executive, signed by thirty-eight union members, which accused the business agent of flaunting the constitution and bylaws, abusing union members, misappropriating funds, inefficiency and irregularity in receipting dues and initiation fees. Although only two signatures were necessary to lay a charge, Tunney deliberately gathered thirty-eight to avoid reprisals. Nevertheless, one by one these men left the union and today there are only three left.

The executive set Houle's hearing for Sept. 19, 1947—a hearing which Chief Justice Williams described as "a farce." The details might never have come to light had not the Indianapolis head office of the Teamsters' Union insisted that a court reporter take down a verbatim report.

The "farce" actually started a few days before the hearing with the arrival in Winnipeg of J. M. O'Laughlin, an International vice-president from Indianapolis. Ostensibly, O'Laughlin came to see that the hearing was impartial. Accompanied by Houle, he visited dairies, waylaying the men who had signed the complaint against Houle. He tried to get some of them to withdraw their signatures and a few of them did.

The hearing opened with chairman Orchard reading off the charges. Then O'Laughlin said he had met two or three signatories who didn't know what they were signing. He believed many other men were in the same position and if so they had the opportunity to withdraw by affixing their signatures to a letter he had drawn up:

"We the undersigned do hereby wish to withdraw any and all charges that are formally preferred against

E. Houle as those charges were preferred by us on misunderstanding and misrepresentation."

About fifteen men signed. Tunney later stated that he had collected the signatures himself, that each man knew exactly what he was signing and had signed the charges not once but four times.

Next, O'Laughlin asked for witnesses to give evidence against Houle in support of the charges. One of the signatories got up and stated that Tunney was outside in the hall with all the evidence and asked that the "court"



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allow him in. O'Laughlin replied, "We can't allow Tunney in because he's no longer a member of the union." Dave Williamson and others said Tunney had not been legally suspended. "Why even a drunken man lying in the gutter will be given a trial the next morning and may be found not guilty," said Williamson. O'Laughlin and the local executive refused to allow Tunney to be heard. When his friends persisted O'Laughlin warned them, "I don't want you fellows to get in Dutch but every one of you here is in violation of the constitution . . ."

Tunney, barred, refused to hand over his evidence to anyone else to present because he was afraid O'Laughlin would get hold of it and not return it.

With Tunney excluded, no documented evidence was presented against Houle. He arose and said the hearing had shown he was innocent; it was therefore his intention to lay charges against everyone who "signed these charges against me." The executive issued a statement saying that Houle had been acquitted of all charges.

Enter Counselor Stubbs

Tunney turned to the Teamsters' International General Executive Board in Indianapolis. He had originally written them on Aug. 12, 1947. On Sept. 8 he wrote again. On Sept. 15, a reply was received from one of general president Tobin's assistants saying that Tunney's original complaint had never been received. On Sept. 17, Tunney mailed another copy of his complaints against Houle and the executive to Indianapolis. On Dec. 29 he finally received a notification that the General Executive Board would hear his appeal in the Alcazar Hotel, Miami, Fla. As Stubbs later observed, "For all practical purposes the hearing might just as well have been set in Shangri-la."

Tunney then sought help elsewhere. He interviewed the president of his Canadian Legion branch who told him to go to a lawyer. The local representative of the Department of Veterans' Affairs gave him the same advice.

He decided to consult Lewis St. George Stubbs. He explained his case to Stubbs and told him he didn't have a penny. After studying the case, Stubbs accepted it because he regarded the fight as a matter of grave public interest. On Oct. 6, 1947, Stubbs entered a statement of claim on behalf of his client, John Tunney.

Stubbs is no less remarkable and determined than his client. At seventy-five he is still vigorous and alert and presides over the Winnipeg law firm of Stubbs, Stubbs & Stubbs, which includes himself and his three sons. A rugged individualist, he has never been known to turn his back on a fight. On the wall beside his desk, hangs a framed quotation from Thomas Paine:

"The world is my country, all mankind are my brethren, to do good is my religion . . ."

Stubbs came into national prominence in 1933 when he was removed as senior judge of the County Court, Winnipeg, after being on the bench for eleven years. One of the main causes for his removal was the manner in which he charged the Manitoba Appeal Court with usurping some of the powers of his own court. "The constitution of my court has been torn up and its soul raped," he declared and proceeded to rent a local theatre and thus bring

the case directly to the people of Winnipeg. He once observed, while on the bench, that two months in custody was penalty enough for a man accused of stealing two thousand dollars. In arriving at this conclusion, he referred to a recent case where the court of appeal had given a man who had embezzled two hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars only eighteen months in prison. He was always on the side of the little fellow. He acquitted strikers of rioting, flayed the police for using force, opposed the lash, capital punishment and the garnishment

of wages. As a Winnipeg member in the Manitoba Legislature from 1936-1949, he was consistently in favor of labor and social legislation. But he was nobody's rubber stamp. In 1949, his last year in the house, he denounced lawless and racketeering unions and sponsored a resolution requiring that all Canadian labor unions be autonomous and governed by Canadian laws.

With the doughty Stubbs in his corner, Tunney believed that his action, started in October 1947, would be over within a year. Instead, it dragged on until October 1953. It took



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a year in the Manitoba courts to establish the fact that a union could be sued in the name of its executive. The lawsuit had no sooner started on April 26, 1950, when the famous Winnipeg flood began and the courthouse itself was partly covered with water. The suit was resumed in October and lasted for nine days. It was not until three years later—Oct. 19, 1953—that a judgment was rendered.

From the moment he decided to take civil action against the union, Tunney was busier than ever. To keep posted on happenings within the union, he

met secretly with union members. Gabrielle, his wife, often worried about his late nights. "I knew a lot of people were out to get him," she said. It took three years, almost to the day, for judgment to be rendered. For Tunney, this delay for which he could discover no explanation was sheer torture. He was frustrated and restless. "I thought a decision would be reached in a year at the most," he says. "I had fought hard and I was waiting for the court to vindicate me." But the first year went by and then the second.

His enemies twitted him that his case

had been pigeon-holed and that judgment would never be rendered. His friends tactfully stopped asking him when a decision might be expected. Again his body broke out in a flaming rash and the sleepless nights returned. He had quit his job at the packing plant in 1948 and returned to the dairy business when two of his closest friends, both milkmen, reported they had been fired for reasons which they regarded as absurd. Tunney suspected they had lost their jobs because they were friends of his.

He approached the non-union Cam-

bridge Dairy—one of the smallest in Winnipeg—and asked the manager, "If I can build up two extra milk routes for you, will you give them to two experienced drivers whom I suggest?"

The manager was agreeable; he had nothing to lose. Tunney began spending twelve hours a day canvassing houses on the old routes of his two friends. He explained to the housewives, "Your former milkman is without a job because he was a friend of mine." Within two weeks, both friends were back in the milk business. So was Tunney, developing new routes and building up store sales. By early 1953 his regular salary was fifty-three dollars a week; occasionally, with commissions and bonuses added, it rose to eighty or ninety dollars. He left the dairy ten months ago to start his own landscape-gardening business.

But back in October 1950 it took nine days for the court to hear all the evidence in the case of John Tunney vs. Orchard et al. (president and executive of the union). Accused of repeatedly violating the constitution and bylaws of Local 119, the defendants denied the existence of any such body of laws. "We operate under the constitution of the International Teamsters' Union," they maintained. They held this stand despite the fact Stubbs supplied the court with a copy of the local constitution; that dozens of members of the local had copies; that the defendants themselves referred to the local constitution frequently in the union's meetings. On this point, Chief Justice Williams declared, "The . . . evidence leads me to only one conclusion, namely that at all material times the local had its own constitution and that the . . . defendants in denying its existence were deliberately stating what they knew, or must be taken to have known, to be untrue." Tunney's suspension from the union had been carried out "in bad faith," while Houle's so-called trial was a "farce" and it was difficult "to credit what took place on that occasion. The plaintiff was not allowed to attend the meeting or to be called as a witness."

Costly For the Union

His Lordship singled out Houle for his sharpest criticism. He found that the executive of Local 119 "acted at all times under the domination of Houle." He repeatedly flaunted the constitution and did "whatever seemed good in his own eyes." As a witness, he was dishonest. "The whole story of his conduct is shown in the record and . . . no strictures I could pass on him would be unmerited or too severe." Houle was ordered to account for some eighteen thousand dollars in missing union funds which His Lordship listed as follows:

The improper handling of due stamps cost the union, at a conservative estimate, five thousand dollars. In the matter of initiation fees, "in many cases no such fees were charged or collected and the local suffered a substantial loss." Different members were charged different amounts. He fixed the amount for which Houle was liable in this respect at one thousand dollars. He also held Houle liable for \$4,976.50 which was arbitrarily transferred from the general funds of the local to the Sick Benefit Fund. The five-thousand-dollar investment in the Labor Temple and the three hundred dollars given the now defunct Winnipeg Citizen were improper and Houle was asked to account for them. His Lordship also listed the payment of death benefits to members "not authorized by the local constitution."

Then, last Oct. 19 at 6 o'clock in the evening, Tunney learned he had won

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his fight. "I wasn't jubilant," says Tunney. "I just felt empty and kind of light. It was as though a heavy load was taken off my shoulders." He sent one of the children to Carter's grocery store to get some soft drinks and peanuts, and after a small family party, he played Canasta with his wife until 10.30.

He arose next morning at the usual time, 6.45. While shaving, he heard the early radio news announce the judgment. By the time he left for work at 7.30 he had received a half dozen congratulatory phone calls. Many were from milkmen who refused to reveal their names. The phone at the Tunney home rang steadily for the next week. Wherever Tunney went, he would immediately be approached by friends and strangers alike, who expressed their admiration for what he had done.

His children felt the impact of his unique victory. Brian, age seven, came home from the Sacred Heart School and said, "Gee Pop, you must be famous. Even the Sister Superior stopped to speak to me today."

Considering the strong, unmistakable language of Chief Justice Williams' judgment, many observers felt the International Teamsters' office would immediately set about cleaning up the affairs of Local 119.

But exactly the opposite happened.

Tunney An "Ignorant Tool"

Houle sent a mimeographed letter to the membership requesting their presence at a special meeting Oct. 21 to consider the decision. The letter read in part, "Our general president D. Beck has instructed vice-president S. L. Brennan to attend this meeting and he will be present to give us the benefit of his experience and wisdom." Also attending were three other International representatives from the United States as well as representatives from the Winnipeg affiliates of the American Federation of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress.

The meeting opened with an angry diatribe delivered by R. C. McCutchan, business agent of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, Local 832, AFL, Winnipeg. Lewis Stubbs, he said, was out to smash the unions. Tunney was merely an ignorant tool; he didn't know what was going on.

A member jumped to his feet on the floor and wanted to know what McCutchan was doing on the platform. What right had he—not a member of the Teamsters—to make the opening address? A motion was placed before the meeting to have him ejected and a voice vote taken. Some observers present claim the pro-ejection vote was stronger.

The next spokesman was an International representative who had some legal training. He skimmed through the judgment and stated that the five-thousand-dollar award to Tunney was too severe. In referring to the judgment, he made no reference to the sections that were critical of Houle.

Ken Howard, a milk driver, jumped to his feet. "Read those parts where the judge says that Houle is not to be believed and that he's surprised to learn that such things can go on in Canada," he demanded. After some hesitation, they were read.

Howard was on his feet again. This time, he wanted the meeting to deal with a motion that he had submitted to chairman Albert Cowley to the effect that the membership no longer had any confidence in the executive and that they should resign immediately. "The way I look at it," said Howard, "the executive are all guilty as it says they are in the judgment."

The motion was ruled out of order.

International vice-president Brennan got up to discuss the judgment. Nettled by interjections from the audience, he shouted angrily, waving a copy of the International Teamsters' constitution above his head, "I don't give a damn what the Canadian court said. It doesn't mean a thing to me. All that matters to me is this."

Ken Howard was on his feet again. He pointed to the Canadian flag on the platform. "I fought for that flag for six years," he said. "It stands for the British system of justice as represented by our courts. You mean to

say that our courts don't mean anything?"

Brennan began to apologize.

The meeting settled nothing. The International representatives returned to their American headquarters and, later, an appeal was filed by the union. At this writing, Houle and other members of Local 119's executive are still in office.

John Tunney is again leading a more normal life. He finds time to take his wife to the movies; he's teaching his seven-year-old son Brian to box and to wrestle. He once again has the boys

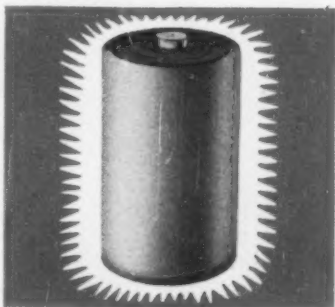
in on Saturday night for beer and poker. He plans to continue with his landscape gardening and to sell life insurance in the slack winter season. Sleep comes easily to him now. "I wouldn't want to go through it all again," he says.

But whenever he stops to talk to a milk-driver friend and notices him nervously glancing over his shoulder to see if he's being observed, Tunney wonders if the job he set out to do at Local 119 has really been done or whether it has only just been started. ★

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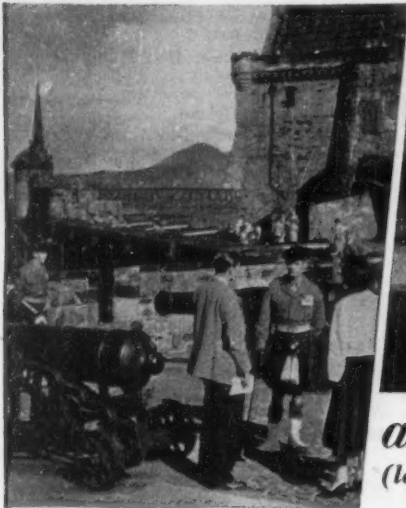
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People Won't Believe the Colonel's Blind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

downgrades, the places where old roots have broken through the pavement or made little humps. Nothing except a thick fall of snow, which obliterates all his small signposts, can faze him.

Once in a while he actually forgets he is blind and bumps into something. Because he moves so quickly and surely, with his arms relaxed at his sides, his four children when they were small had to remember minor points of home etiquette. Roller skates had to be kept out of the halls and off the stairs, and doors had to be closed or left wide open. Otherwise Baker's family never seemed to notice he was blind. Visitors have often been startled to locate Baker down in his basement workshop, operating a power saw in the pitch dark. He has made an assortment of good-looking household furniture in his workshop, including chairs, end tables and storm windows. He says he chose woodworking as a hobby because as a youth he was used to tools and because it demands complete concentration, and so takes his mind off business.

Baker can walk down any street and spot the location of trees and telephone poles, or enter a strange room and tell almost exactly the distance between himself and each wall. Psychologists call this "facial vision," and explain that the blind feel a reaction, light as a spider web, brushing across their skin and warning them when they face a solid object. Baker maintains ninety-eight percent of it is hearing—a matter of direction by sound waves. His contention seems to be borne out by

recent discoveries of Austrian scientists that the blind build up a sense of aural direction through the detection of echoes—that the spider-web sensation comes from sensitive ears which catch sound reflected from surrounding objects. Thus a blind man with hand-aged face and hands can still detect an object in front of him, and can be confused by experiments which misdirect sound so that it seems to be coming from somewhere else.

Baker can listen to a voice and make a good guess at the weight, height and age of its owner. The well-trained, youthfully resilient voice of a singer or an actor occasionally can fool him into thinking they're younger than they really are but he's usually right on the button. He guessed my own weight at "just under a hundred and twenty-five pounds" and my age at thirty-five. (My actual weight was a hundred and twenty-two and I figure he had the age right too, but sheared off a couple of years in deference to my sensitive sex.)

Judge Frank McDonagh of Toronto, a long-time friend, says, "The only time I remember Eddie Baker ever mentioning his own blindness was back in 1932 when there was a provision in the pension benefit that a group of us veterans didn't care for. We sent a delegation to Ottawa and Eddie was our spokesman. I remember he started his little speech to Prime Minister Bennett by saying, 'You know, Mr. Prime Minister, we who have been in the dark since the war...' Bennett was visibly moved."

Something that has always struck Judge McDonagh as remarkable is Baker's uncanny ability to recognize familiar ground. Once, years ago, when the judge and his mother drove Baker home from a function downtown, they turned onto Baker's street. McDonagh didn't know then which house was the

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BASIC CHEESE DOUGH

Scald

- 1½ cups milk
- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

½ cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

2½ cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth and elastic; stir in

1½ cups lightly-packed shredded old cheese

Work in

2½ cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into portions and finish as follows:



1. CHEESE LOAF

Shape half a batch of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 40 minutes—cover loaf with brown paper during latter part of baking to avoid crust becoming too brown.

2. MARMALADE BRAID

Roll out a quarter of a batch of dough into an 8-inch square on a lightly-floured board; loosen dough. Spread with ¼ cup marmalade and sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped nuts. Roll up jelly-roll fashion; seal edge and ends. Roll out into an oblong 9 inches long and 3 inches wide; loosen dough.

Cut oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braid. Place on greased cookie sheet. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes.

3. CHEESE BREAD STICKS

Cut a quarter of a batch of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces and roll, one at a time, into slim strips about 7 inches long. Brush strips with water and roll lightly in cornmeal. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 10 minutes.

colonel's and was so engrossed in conversation that he forgot to ask. Baker suddenly touched him on the arm, "Back up, Frank," he said, "we've passed it. It's the house two doors back, No. 412."

McDonagh backed up the car, Baker opened the door and let himself out, walked cheerfully up the sidewalk to his door, shifted his white cane from his right arm to his left, removed his hat and nodded good-by. Then he opened the door and went into the house.

"Don't tell me that man is blind!" said the judge's elderly mother.

Baker has a remarkable sense of direction and is reputed to know every mile of every road between Toronto and Ottawa, and to have a passable knowledge of many other roads in Ontario as well. Lt. Col. Tommy Howlett of Toronto remembers a time he drove along a back road to the Baker cottage at Collin's Bay, the colonel sitting beside him directing something like this: "Now it's five more miles . . . now turn left . . . the So-and-So family lives in this big white house you're passing . . . there, we're almost at the big tree . . . here it is now, the second gate on the left." And sure enough the second gate would be Baker's place. Howlett says he felt his friend must have a second pair of eyes hidden in his head.

"Don't Forget, I'm Lucky"

Grace Worts, Baker's sighted assistant, drove him to Kitchener once and somehow got her directions mixed as she left a gas station and ended up almost where she started. Baker had not been paying attention, his mind being on a speech he was to make, but now he asked where they were, told her where she'd made her first mistake and directed her the rest of the way to Kitchener and the hotel.

There's a story that Baker once got lost in the vicinity of Collin's Bay and found his way by the simple expedient of tossing stones methodically in a circle until one hit a barn which he knew was somewhere in the vicinity. Taking his directions from the barn, he found his way home. Baker doesn't recall the incident but sees nothing extraordinary about the other stories.

"I've always had a sort of photographic memory, a faculty for registering things I saw and heard," Baker says. "And don't forget I'm lucky: I didn't lose my sight until I was grown up. I can remember fairly well everything that happened before that."

Over the years, Baker has traveled across Canada more times than he can count, often alone. He is equally at home on planes or trains, although Miss Worts claims he prefers trains "so he can pick the other passengers' brains longer." Baker doesn't read Braille: although he knows the alphabet and carries a Braille watch, he finds reading slow and frustrating. On a train, he likes best to sit in the lounge or smoking car, chatting with other passengers. Col. Howlett recalls an excited young man who buttonholed him one day on the train to Ottawa, pointed to Baker, and said "See that chap over there? He's blind! We've been talking for two hours and I never caught on. If a porter hadn't put his cup of coffee down just out of reach, so he had to ask me to pass it, I still wouldn't know."

Baker can shave with a straight razor on a speeding train and never give himself a nick. He can familiarize himself with strange hotel rooms and strange cities almost immediately. He can eat, dress and go shopping unaided. Visitors to the Baker cottage at Collin's Bay have never really got over their

surprise at finding their host up a ladder roofing a boathouse or climbing a tree to remove dead branches. Mrs. Baker, whose quiet confidence has meant much in this happy marriage, remembers many nights she sat up waiting for him when he took their sons for a midnight sail on the Bay of Quinte. Judith Robinson, a Toronto journalist and Baker's sister-in-law, no longer thinks it strange when he drops in at her Wellesley Street house with a tool kit to fix the banister which seemed wobbly to him on a previous visit.

Brig. J. L. Melville, chairman of the Canadian Pension Commission, who has had frequent dealings with Baker, calls him "the most constructive, independent, positive-minded man I know. He gets up at half-past six every day of his life. He's hard at it all day long and there's not a question you can ask him about veterans' administration or legislation for the blind that he can't answer."

Baker's office in downtown Toronto is a large, empty-looking room on the second floor of a big old building on Beverley Street. His desk is neat and

orderly. There's a stack of volumes tag-marked for further reference, a pile of letters ready for him to sign, a telephone and an enormous ash tray which a friend gave him with the injunction, "When it's full, somebody's been with you too long." Actually, Baker measures his interviews not by the ash tray, but by his Braille watch. He makes his own telephone calls, memorizing the alphabet letters on the machine, placing his fingers in the first four slots, and figuring out the other numbers from there.

Practically the whole CNIB staff is



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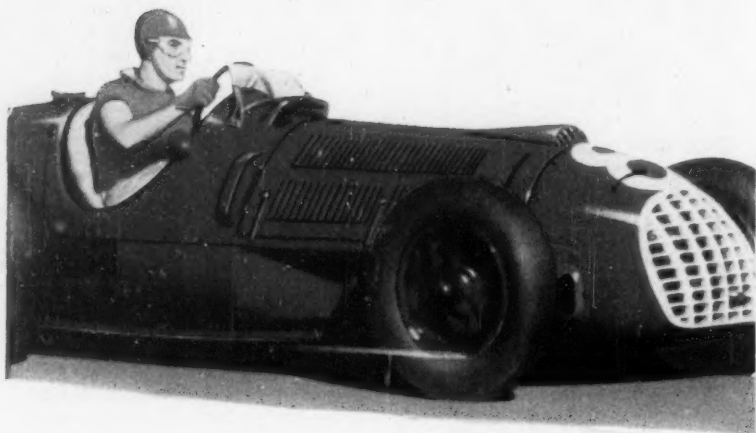
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DARLING! — YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ALMOST DONE IT!

He thought about buying me mink (I'm still mink-less);
He came close to fixing the sink (ditto, sink-less);
He almost bought flowers while passing the market,
But he had the car; there was no place to park it . . .
He Thought About Me, and the fact that he said it
Entitles him somehow (?) to some sort of credit.

PHILENE HAMMER

blind, or partially blind, but the organization employs a certain number of sighted secretaries and stenographers, in the interests of speed, efficiency and accuracy. Miss Worts, who came to the Institute in 1920, takes Baker's dictation. He doesn't relish paper work but shrugs it off as a necessary evil. He knows by memory the basic statistics and facts he needs in his job—that only one million of the nine million blind in the world live in countries with services for the sightless; that Canada's blind population last year numbered 20,115; that eighty percent of the blind lose their sight in adult life; that approximately half of all cases of blindness have unknown or undetermined causes, and that of the known causes, cataracts (due to blows, senility or disease) ranks first in importance, glaucoma (drying up of the drainage ducts) is second, and kidney trouble, tuberculosis, diabetes and arthritis are other causes. Accidents, he can tell you, are responsible for a mere seven percent of all blindness. Filed away in Baker's mind there must be whole books about the blind's problems, for there is no department of the Institute that he doesn't have to deal with.

In any given week he may be called on to discuss the organization and finances of the CNIB with the board of directors or turn his thoughts to the blind personnel who run the Institute's forty service centres. He'll confer with Lindsay Williamson, the Institute's national director of employment, about jobs for the blind in Canadian industries or call a conference with CNIB superintendent A. N. Magill, just back from Cairo, to hear how the new rehabilitation centre for the Far East is progressing. Baker keeps abreast, too, of work done by the roster of "home teachers" trained in Institute classes to go into homes of newly blind housewives to teach them to cook, sew, shop, keep house and care for their children, all by the faculties of touch and sound.

In the middle of all this, Baker finds time for a personal relationship with individual blind people, especially members of the Sir Arthur Pearson Association of War Blind, who are having trouble accepting their sudden affliction. He hates self-pity, which he calls "corroding and destructive." He explains, "You, a sighted person, try to imagine what it would be like to be blind. You close your eyes and stumble around the room bumping into things. You wonder how a blind person can bear to live with his handicap. But you're wrong because you're imagining blindness the way it is for a person who's just lost his sight. The blind may start out like that but after they've had some training they find they haven't lost the whole world."

Baker was twenty-two when he lost his sight. Earlier, as the eldest son of John Wesley and Philipa Baker of Ernestown, Ont., he had been educated in rural schools and had gone to Queen's University, class of '14. He wanted to be an engineer but war came and he went overseas early in 1915 as

a section commander of the 6th Field Company. On Oct. 9 that year, the Germans blew up a land mine at Mount Kemmel and Baker organized a party to repair the trenches. He was out front doing some wiring when a bullet hit him. He was the first man wounded in his regiment.

"It all happened in a fraction of a second," says Baker, of the accident that changed his life. "At first there wasn't any pain. That came later, as the nerves returned to sensitivity. I stumbled back to the trench. The medical sergeant called for iodine but I persuaded him just to put on dry pads, in case there was a chance I'd see again. They sent me to a tent hospital in Calais and Col. Lister, the great ophthalmologist, looked at me. 'Nothing doing here,' he said. So they sent me to hospital in London."

Baker admits this was one time in his life when he did a lot of brooding. His dreams of an exciting career in engineering were gone. The only blind he knew were the ones he had seen back in Canada, holding out tin cups and begging for charity. Then one day a man stood beside his bed and introduced himself as Arthur Pearson, founder of St. Dunstan's, the famous English training school for blinded veterans. He urged Baker to visit the school when he left hospital. Baker, reflecting how easy it was for people to give advice when they had their own two good eyes, reluctantly promised. It was not until after his visitor left that he learned from a nurse that Pearson himself was blind.

He Could Fence, Too

Baker spent six months at St. Dunstan's. There the turning point came when he met a young receptionist who had got himself adjusted to blindness, although he had also lost his left arm in the war. Baker says, "Up until then I felt pretty sorry for myself. Now I began to realize something that's become more evident to me all my life—everybody has disabilities. Instead of being so sure the blind couldn't do anything, I began to wonder what they could do."

Baker applied for fencing lessons. They gave him a woman instructor, a foil, and a mat on the floor to mark his territory. As the weeks passed, he learned to spot her by sound, listening for the rustle of her clothes and the whisper of her breath. Soon he could outscore her. He has never fenced again, but he says the experience gave him a valuable sense of timing and direction.

When he returned to Canada late in 1915 Baker didn't know what he wanted to do. One evening at the home of John R. (Black Jack) Robinson, editor of the Toronto Evening Telegram, he met Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Hydro Electric Power Commission. Beck was impressed with him and gave him a job as a typist with the commission. Robinson's quiet young daughter Jessie, about to go overseas for VAD work, was also impressed. In 1918 when she returned they were

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married. By this time Baker was working in Ottawa for the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment Department, now the Department of Veterans' Affairs, in charge of training and rehabilitating war blinded, whose plight, it developed, opened the way for establishment of the Blind Institute.

Until 1918 Canada had little to offer the sightless, apart from the Nazareth Institute in Montreal run by the Grey Nuns; schools for the blind in Halifax and Brantford; a couple of broom shops in Ontario; and a Braille library in Toronto which Baker joined.

Gradually, it became evident that Baker's interest and the interest of the Braille library people were the same and so there came to be talk of an Institute for the Blind. Steps were taken to bring it into being; influential people were seen, money was raised and a constitution was drawn up. In 1918 the Canadian government gave the Canadian National Institute for the Blind a charter and a financial grant to help defray a portion of its expenses. Baker gave up his Ottawa job in 1920 and returned to Toronto as general secretary of the new Institute.

But setting up an institute was easier said than done. They needed money and had to educate the public about their project to get it. They had no ready-made staff so they had to find people who wanted to work for the blind. The blind themselves were a problem. Many of them had decided not what they could do, but what they wanted to do. Baker says, "We had to straighten out their thinking and that wasn't always easy. We had to keep peace with them until we could get our services working."

Lewis Wood, longtime president of the CNIB, says that the original financial scheme was to form five separate divisions in Canada, each self-supporting. When the first three were formed (in Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver) it turned out they had to be supported from Toronto. Then came the 1920 economic slump. It gave the Toronto Institute a big setback but it taught the divisions they would have to support themselves. After that, there was another spurt in CNIB growth, during which the Quebec and Newfoundland divisions were formed. Then came the 1930 depression which hit their finances badly but they came through it and today there are six autonomous, self-supporting divisions with the Toronto branch the supervising body.

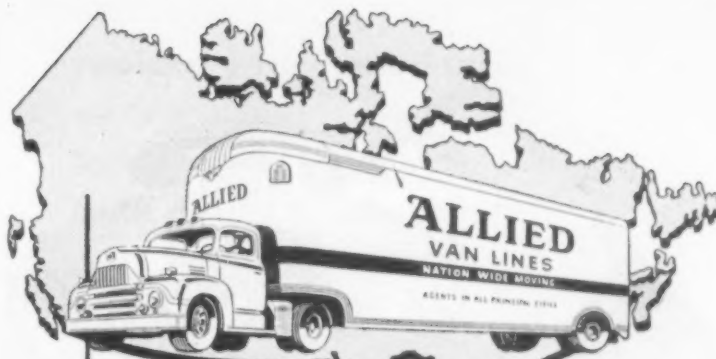
Wood declares, "In all the sticky problems we faced, I've never had a cross word with Eddie Baker."

One of the stickiest early problems the CNIB faced was the near-destitute condition of many sightless Canadians. The Institute tried to pay out modest allowances to the most needy but it became evident that if they were to continue, another and possibly more important work—prevention of blindness—would suffer. So in 1924 the CNIB approached the committee of the House of Commons investigating old-age pensions and put in a bid for blind pensions. Ottawa, however, brought in pensions for the aged but not for the blind. The CNIB continued to press for them. Finally in 1937 an amendment to the Old Age Pensions

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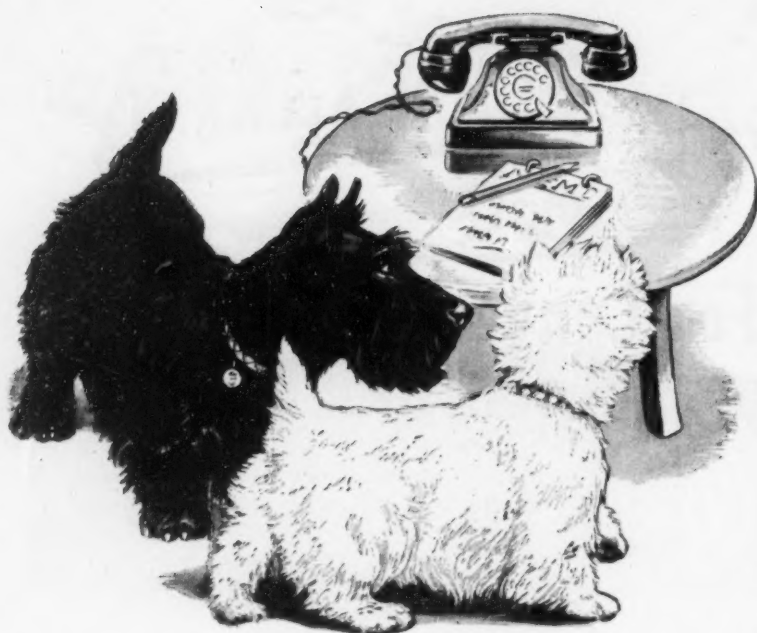


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Act opened the way for allowances for the blind between the age of forty and seventy, on a means test basis. The Institute pressed for an age reduction and in 1947 the minimum age of blind pensioners was reduced to twenty-one. Over the years the monthly rate has been gradually increased to its present amount of forty dollars, which is shared by the federal and provincial governments. The CNIB under Baker's spirited leadership is presently fighting for the abolition of the means test, and asking that the federal government assume entire responsibility for pensions to the blind, as it does for old-age pensions.

Baker's achievements have won him many honors. King George V made him an OBE in the 1935 New Year Honors list; in 1939 he received the honorary rank of lieutenant colonel for his services on the Council of National Defense; and Queen's University and the University of Toronto have made him an honorary Doctor of Laws. Two years ago Helen Keller presented him with the Migel Medal for outstanding service to the blind, and last year he won the Shotwell Memorial Award from the American Association of Workers for the Blind in Louisville for "outstanding service in the field of work for the blind."

"Outstanding War Veteran"

Baker was once invited to an international conference in Oxford before it became evident that if one Commonwealth country was invited, all would have to be—something that had not been contemplated. So a second letter asked that the Canadian representative kindly ignore the invitation. Baker replied that he understood perfectly and sent good wishes and there the matter would have dropped if the American Foundation for the Blind had not heard about it. The Foundation promptly wrote to England, asking that Col. Baker be permitted to attend the proposed conference as a member of its delegation because he represented not only Canada but all of North America.

John Counsell, president of the Canadian Paraplegic Association, calls Baker "Canada's outstanding war veteran," knowing not only the problems of the blind, but the problems of all veterans. "We all call on Col. Baker for help whenever we're stuck on some point," he says. Baker has worked hard for close co-operation among veterans' groups, believing that in union there is strength. He is currently chairman of the National Council of Veterans' Associations representing every major veterans' service organization in Canada with the exception of the Canadian Legion.

Being kingpin in so many organizations, Baker has little time for recreation or social life. He lives quietly with his wife in their charming but unpretentious home, relaxing in his easy chair of an evening, and listening to the radio, or building something in his workshop, or listening to a talking book (usually a biography) borrowed from the Institute library and played on a small phonograph in his bedroom. Three of the four Baker children are grown up and married now: Judith is Mrs. Terence Sheard of Montreal, Philip is a lawyer and John is the engineer his father wanted to be. David was killed in World War II.

Col. Baker sees the work of the CNIB going on and on in the years to come but he confides every so often that he's planning to retire. Mrs. Baker, hearing this, smiles. "He'll never retire," she says. "Why, he could think of things to do until he was a hundred years old!" ★

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Do You Know How Old You Really Are?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

laboratories at Chalk River, indicate that the continual replacement or turnover applies to practically the whole body. Only the deeper parts of bone crystals seem to be more or less permanent, and it is doubtful whether we can properly describe these as being alive. We are all in fact mostly a balance sheet between gain and loss, with the margin of safety getting steadily less as the years go by. For this is what ageing really amounts to; and it is not just a matter of the replacement or displacement of mineral salts. It applies to cells and tissues too.

This shows up in a most striking way in the rate at which a skin wound heals over. Here we find a dramatic contrast between biological time and calendar time. According to the late French scientific writer, Lecomte du Nôuy, a skin wound about two inches in diameter heals over in twenty days at the age of ten, in thirty-one days at twenty, forty-one days at thirty, fifty-



five days at forty, seventy-five days at fifty and about one hundred days at the age of sixty. These figures show in a startling manner how the biological clock slows down relative to calendar times and suggests a possibly accurate but certainly painful and tedious way of judging one's biological age.

As tissues age less and less water is retained by them and they become accordingly less able to dissolve other substances. In consequence pigment and fat, cholesterol (a fatty substance found in all tissues) and calcium salts accumulate wherever the metabolism of the body is weakest: in the lens and cornea of the eye, in the eardrums, and in the walls of arteries. As the teen age comes to an end fat disappears from the face and starts to descend the body slowly, like a glacier, accumulating more and more below the belt until it reaches bottom somewhere in the middle ages. Cartilage becomes degenerate and calcified: vertebral discs become thinner and smaller and tend to slip out of place. Ears and nose become stiffer, the chest more rigid, the space between the ribs gets smaller. Fibrous connective tissue partly takes the place of muscle fibres. The chicken gets tough. Old eardrums, less elastic than young ones, no longer vibrate to the shortest wave lengths, and old people fail to hear the sound of the cicada or locust though their normal range of hearing remains unimpaired.

This drying out of the tissues can be a devastating process. Yet it is inevitable and happens to every one of us.

Only the rate of dehydration varies, and this shows up perhaps most sharply in the eye. The lens, being normally clear and crystalline, contains no blood vessels and is possibly the least well nourished of all the structures in the body, particularly the central region of the lens which is the oldest and most isolated part. As it ages it loses water and accumulates insoluble cholesterol and proteins, hardens progressively and finally becomes opaque and dies in the form of cataract. Sooner or later it is likely to happen to anyone, but in the Dust Bowl area of this continent the number of persons presenting themselves for operations for cataract rises following periods of drought. Shortage of water evidently hastens the dehydration processes and might shorten life a little. By the same token a plentiful intake of water during adult life may help to keep you fresh and pink all over, with a sparkle in your eye.

On the other hand, whether you hinder nature or help her, the hardening processes go on in lens and arteries and bone. In the case of the lens the hardening begins about the time we first learn to read. A child can see clearly at a distance and yet will hold print so close to his nose that he almost has to squint. But by the time he is nine or ten the distance for comfortable reading has already increased a lot, and from then on the nearest point for clear reading becomes more distant with age. Usually between the ages of forty and fifty the shift becomes more striking and the nearest reading point reaches an uncomfortable thirteen inches. This is the so-called state of presbyopia, and at this age most of us are better off with reading glasses.

In fact, the age at which discomfort when reading first begins to bother you has been used as a basis from which to predict how long an individual may expect to live, in normal circumstances. The investigation was made in Germany in the years between the wars, at the universities of Göttingen and Leipzig. Nearly six thousand persons of the age group forty-four to forty-nine were studied and of these about four thousand were kept track of until they died. Three groups were recognized: a normal class whose reading-discomfort distance varied only with a certain narrow range from the average, a super-normal class where the hardening of the lens was further advanced, and a sub-normal class that could read comfortably at a shorter-than-average distance and therefore had more flexible lenses.

The individuals of the normal class lived an average sixteen and a half more years, those with precociously hardened lenses little less than fourteen years, those of the sub-normal, better-reading class for another twenty-four years. Roughly speaking, if you don't need reading glasses until fifty your chances of reaching the seventies are good; if you can do without them until you are fifty-five you may well become an octogenarian; but if you need them for the first time at forty then that annuity policy may mean more to your wife than to you.

In fact, forty is probably the critical age. Physical strength has been declining for about twenty years. Reproductive fertility, which was at a maximum between the age of twenty and thirty, is now in sharp decline, with that of women usually ending around forty-five and that of men about fifty-five. This has led to attempts to extend fertility such as the sex gland operations of Voronoff and Steinach, and the more recent treatment with male sex hormones. The latter are too closely related chemically to certain potent cancer producing compounds to be

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- 4 of weak (4 parts water and ice)

Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir.
Serve very cold in a tall glass with
cracked ice. Add a maraschino cherry.

EGG NOG

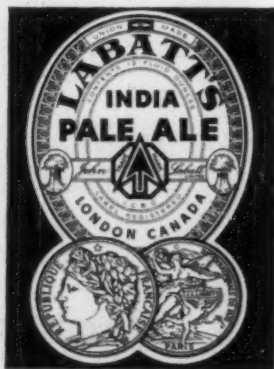
Pour 1 oz. Myers's Jamaica Rum into a
shaker.
Add 1/2 oz. of Cognac or Brandy
1 teaspoon of plain syrup
1 fresh egg. Plenty of chopped ice
Add nearly a glassful of rich milk.
Shake well and strain into a tall glass.
Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

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introduced carelessly into an ageing body, and in any case the various causes of old age breakdown, no matter how soon they begin to operate, cannot be removed by "stimulation" with hormones. It is too much like whipping an old horse.

No man or woman grows old all in one package, and a man of sixty-five may have a forty-year-old heart, fifty-year-old kidneys and an eighty-year-old liver, particularly if he has eaten and drunk unwisely for too long. One man, in fact, who claimed to be ninety-one years old by the calendar, had a nerve-conduction time of a man of thirty, a kidney function of the average sixty-year-old, the perceptual capacity of one of eighty, and the general metabolism of the average ninety-year-old group. Obviously he was young for his years, although there was still a built-in clock that would strike the final hour, for his metabolism was burning at the normal rate.

All in all it is better to discover ways of ageing well than it is to find some way of extending the natural period of existence, although the search for the fountain of youth probably will continue for centuries to come. A recent and almost forgotten attempt was the Bogolometz serum publicized in 1946 in Russia and elsewhere as of greater significance than the atom bomb. Bogolometz noted that the life span of animals is five to six times longer than the period of maturation and reckoned on this basis that man should properly live to be from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty years old. Having concluded that man's life span was being cut short by the failure of the reticulo-endothelial tissues (the lymph glands, the spleen) to fight off disease and infection, he devised a serum to pep up these tissues. Bogolometz never used the serum on himself and died a natural death.

Healthier in Canada

This kind of life extension is probably beyond our reach, certainly until we know much more than we do about why we live as long as we do. Actually the problem that faces us is of a very different kind. It is the need to adjust to the consequences of the fact that we not only age as individuals but are part of a rapidly ageing society.

In the days of ancient Rome the average life expectancy was twenty-two years. In India as recently as 1931 it was still no more than twenty-seven years. On this continent it was thirty in 1800, forty-six in 1900, sixty in 1930, and is now approximately sixty-eight and rising steadily, although at a progressively slower rate as the natural ceiling is approached. At the present time about 32 million persons in the United States are between forty-five and sixty-four, and about 12 millions are older than that. By 1980 the U. S. Department of Labor predicts that 43 millions will be between forty-five and sixty-four, and as many as 22 millions will be older than the generally accepted retirement age.

In Canada the outlook is even healthier for, according to United Nations statistics based on the annual death rate per thousand persons of population, we now stand third in a list of seventeen countries, while the United States stands tenth. Norway and Denmark head the list.

The trend will continue unless we give up our more-or-less effective control of disease and also cease to strive for a peaceful world. An atomic war would result in only a temporary reversal. Whether we like it or not the average age of the human population will continue to rise and we will have to

adopt the common sense solution of making the later decades of life more productive. It is not merely a matter of keeping the older people at work beyond the present period for retirement but of adjusting the kind of work to be done more and more to the capacities of the various age levels. The present tragedy is mainly that of the ever-increasing numbers of healthy men who are suddenly pensioned off with nothing to do. Boredom too often brings them to an early grave, while their wives, who adjusted sooner to growing old, continue to live on alone for years after.

This is not meant to be a gloomy picture, for it is an opportunity and a challenge. "Too old to learn" is but a half-truth and the fact is that while in various tests the learning scores of persons over sixty were much inferior to those of adolescents, they were only slightly inferior to those of the thirty-four to fifty-nine age group; the decline in learning ability that occurs around the age of fifty-five merely brings the individual's capacity down to about the fourteen-year-old level. What most of us face as we grow older is not a decreasing ability to learn but the fact that we have become set in our ways and do not want to learn new things. The machinery gets rusty from not being used.

While the body begins to age almost as soon as you begin to walk, mental potency rises sharply until the age of forty and continues to rise thereafter, although at a decreasing rate, until a climax is reached at sixty. Then there is a slow decline for the next twenty years, although even at eighty the mental standard is still as good as it was at thirty-five. It is a different mind from that of a thirty-five-year-old, but no less valuable. While the young mind tends to create new conceptions and ideas, the older mind, though suffering from impaired memory and decline in sensual qualities, possesses greater steadiness, thoroughness and wealth of experience.

The shift in age distribution in the population can be made the basis for a great cultural advance if increased longevity is paralleled by health and productivity, and the untold intellectual treasure in the old is mined and developed. Yet for a long time now this has been an old man's world, for they alone have had the self-confidence and knowledge to maintain the relentless momentum of the living culture. Unfortunately not only wisdom and generosity but also folly, cruelty, maladjustment and invalidism tend to be cumulative with the passing years. Similar youngsters develop into different oldsters exerting different influences on society, and at differing rates of change. Some men are mentally and emotionally, as well as physiologically old at forty; others are young at eighty and infinitely wiser. "The last of life, for which the time was made" is a line we used to remember, for the mind dominates in the later years and grows only upon what it has been fed from childhood onward. Chronic starvation at the mental level is as bad for the mind as lack of food is for the body, and the penalty is boredom and possibly death at a time of life that might have been its greatest glory. ★

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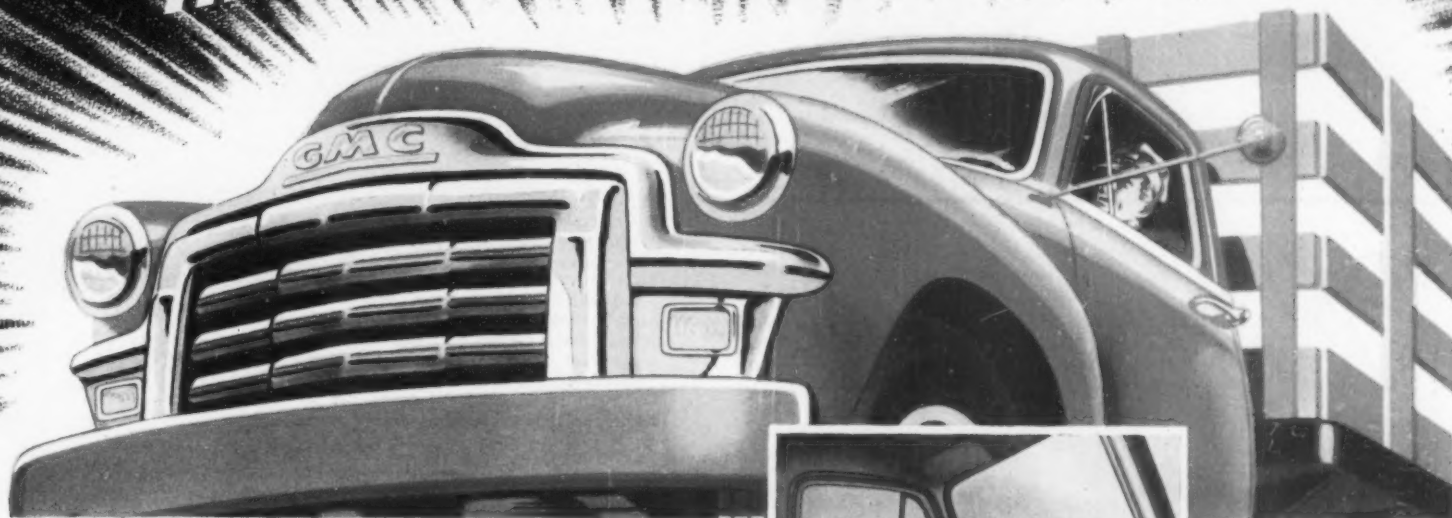
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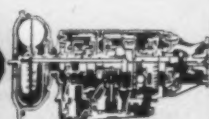
And though new efficient power is a big feature it is just one of the many which make GMC outstanding. There are over 70 new features in all—and every last one is designed to give higher performance, greater profit, greater comfort and convenience. Nothing has been overlooked in the over-all plan to bring you a truck that's filled with power, that's built to take the heaviest loads over the roughest going and come back for more. Ask your dealer to explain the brilliant, new advances that can be yours in 1954. You'll see immediately how they'll mean great new benefits to you in your business. Then choose the one model in 50 that's exactly right for your requirements and be ready to go for more profits in any trucking job.



NEW CAB COMFORT

These all-new cabs offer greater comfort, vision and convenience than ever before . . . plus a new high in appearance. They have such features as one piece "Panoramic" windshield, re-designed instrument panels with soft light gauges, and beautiful two tone interiors. In addition, as optional equipment there are, Cab Rear Corner Windows and Shade-Lite Glass. These and many more features put GMC cabs far ahead in '54.

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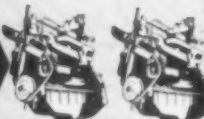
9300 and 9400 series have new Hydra-Matic transmission which eliminates clutch and gear shifting. It also selects the right gear for any load and any condition.

NEW GRAIN-TIGHT PICK-UP BODIES



The boxes are deeper this year, giving a lower loading height. Even the tail-gate is stronger with new safety catch that eliminates rattles.

NEW DEPENDABLE ENGINE POWER



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MAILBAG



WHO'S EMBARRASSED, RITA?

I wish to dissent strongly with the views expressed by Rita Boyd, of Port Arthur (Mailbag, Dec. 15), when she says "Canadians do not care an awful lot about reading things Canadian." As a subscriber for over thirty years I would say that it is the distinctively Canadian tone of Maclean's which has held my interest . . . What we need in Canada is a stronger feeling of Canadianism and a greater pride in being Canadian. Anyone who feels "embarrassed" regarding things Canadian should consult a psychiatrist without delay. —Mrs. George Jefferies, Vancouver.

● Because Rita Boyd is embarrassed by things Canadian, what arrogance to include us all! Being an American, naturalized in Canada, it is with eagerness I greet your good magazine and enjoy it equally with all good American publications. One would like to know the kind of material Miss Boyd would desire in a magazine if neither American nor Canadian articles appeal to her. Please, dear Maclean's, continue being "a little gauche" as you described it. —Aline A. Matthews, Vancouver.

A House Divided?

Christianity—Revival or Decline? (Dec. 15) once again presents something of notable import in Maclean's. Is it not logical to conclude that the great differences of belief and wide variety of opinion concerning the teachings of Jesus Christ . . . only tend to undermine the very foundation of Christianity itself? . . . The article reminds us of Christ's words, "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand." What more do we need? —V. Bates, Tofield, Alta.

● . . . Belief in God necessitates belief in a supernatural-spiritual world and in personal immortality. It is in accord with the theological, orthodox, dualistic concept of mind. Actually it causes a splitting of the mind and cannot be upheld by the intellectually honest. It is dangerous because being held to be sacred it cannot be discussed unemotionally, objectively or scientifically by those who have been conditioned into it . . .

The alternative to belief in God is belief in humanity. This belief can be the stepping stone to the incontrovertible fact that love of one another—mutual trust and understanding—affords the only sound basis for mental and social health. Such knowledge comes logically from the atheistic, scientific, monistic concept of mind. In this concept the mind is indivisible. Those who hold it do not fear to discuss it objectively with all comers . . . —Dr. Marian N. Sherman, Victoria.

● Fred Bodsworth's article will alert more people than many Sunday sermons . . . —A. E. Sherratt, Mayerthorpe, Alta.

● Bodsworth has given your readers something very timely and very much needed . . . —Frances E. Stevens, Portage la Prairie, Man.

Father and Son Game

Your Christmas Shopping Game (Dec. 15) appealed not only to myself as a father but to my young son who seems to obtain delight in any game that might require some concentration. Hoping to see more of the same by Peter Whalley in future issues of Maclean's. —John McDonald, Toronto.

Wonderful Work at Galt

After reading your story (The Most Heartbreaking Job in Canada, Dec. 1) on the wonderful work that Miss Isabel Macneil is doing at the Training School at Galt, Ont., I felt I must write to say how much I admire both her, and her staff, in their efforts to help our teen-agers to become normal and useful adults in everyday life . . . —Mrs. J. W. Thomson, London, Ont.

Florida for Free

You have dealt with the family vacation quite nicely (A Winter Vacation on a Summer-Cottage Budget, Dec. 15). Perhaps your teen-age readers are interested in a Florida vacation within their budget. This may be their answer:

Two determined students (boys) thumbed their way down in forty-eight hours. They soaked up sun on the beaches of St. Petersburg, Tampa,



Miami and Ft. Lauderdale, eating sardines, dry yeast and oranges. After thirty-seven hectic hours they were back in Woodstock, tanned, tired, a little hungry but extremely happy. I was one of the vagrants! —T. Oleksiuk, Benny, Ont.

Baxter and Gielgud

I cannot understand what perverted sense of necessity caused Beverley Baxter to write that horrible Letter (The Offstage Tragedy of John Gielgud, Dec. 1), and I also find it hard to see why you would publish it . . . —N. L. Simpson, Toronto.

● . . . I very much admire Baxter for writing with such complete frankness and honesty about a subject seldom written. And may I say a sincere well done to Maclean's for printing this article. —Mrs. Ken Trenholm, Port Elgin, Ont.

● Only a vast reserve of righteousness could compel a man to write such a



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letter. Dragging visitors helter-skelter through the sewers is, after all, a peculiar form of entertainment.—E. Seibert, Innisfail, Alta.

• Cheers to Baxter. I think he was perfectly right letting us in on the immoral habits of (Sir?) John Gielgud.—G. M. Whitford, Halifax.

Shapiro's Russians

Your article, My Nine Russians, by Lionel Shapiro (Dec. 1), was good but as for "brain-washing," this is natural. If I was a Frenchman, naturally France would be my ideal, so if I lived there all my life stories to the favor of France would be more to my belief, regardless what English or American newspapers and radios might say.—E. Clamp, Wainwright, Alta.

• Shapiro points out that the Russian scientists in Montreal... "didn't see the 'wretched condition' of the working classes but thirty years of brain-washing by Pravda has convinced them it exists."

After spending the past summer in Montreal, I have only one comment to make: thank goodness these men didn't see the slums of Montreal. If they had, they would have known that what Pravda says of the wretched conditions there is essentially true.—Robert R. Wright, Edmonton.

She Means Us

When with alarm, the times we view
And turn from huckstering
ballyhoo;
We seek the pages of Maclean's
Trim, perspicacious magazine.
And find the physic of our woes
In lucid, penetrating prose.

From Baxter to the lively Allen,
And sundry transmigrates of Stalin;
Karsh and Katz and L. Shapiro
And Inside Hutchison, our Hero,
We can pick what's to our taste
Or umbrage take, to arrant waste.

Last, not least, come revelations
In the Mailbag confutations:
The color of the readers' mind,
(The writing, not the silent kind)
Is "very like" the group savant
Who went to view the elephant!

—I. M. Pedersen, Calgary.

The High Cost of Motoring

In spite of conscientious efforts to present both sides of the story, your article, Does Car Insurance Have to Cost So Much? (Nov. 1), nevertheless offers an overwhelming argument for Saskatchewan's government-owned compulsory insurance. It works. If insurance were compulsory all over Canada it would work even better. The private companies obviously want to have their cake and eat it too; they fight government ownership but they decline the responsibility of universal insurance... I think the article falls down most gravely in its treatment of the unsatisfied judgment funds. These pretend to protect the insured motorist against the uninsured; they fail tragically to do this. It may take months or even years for the victim to collect his claim, and often the amount awarded fails to cover his loss... —Miss V. Fremlin, London, Ont.

•... We as agents believe this is the first story giving the public the whole picture regarding the fluctuation in rates. We try our best to outline to the public the reason for the high cost of premiums, and why some companies and the governments of some provinces can reduce premiums. Our sincere appreciation to writer Fred Bodsworth for a complete outline on automobile insurance.—T. A. Thompson, Chatham, Ont.

Those Left Behind

This letter won't make me too popular with anyone I suppose but with reference to your article by Peter Keresztes, If You Cry They Will Get Us (Nov. 15), are we not getting a little too many of these articles?... I think there must be a million people who have not the money to enable them to escape that Mr. Keresztes had and who are still living there in slavery... I feel pity for the people who have to give up their homes but let us not forget that there are ten people who cannot afford to use these escape routes for every one who can. These people we should cry for.—Joan Martin, Beachville, Ont. ★

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the bright
side with
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LAMPS

FLUORESCENT
INCANDESCENT

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

conference where he made the same points in public with disastrous ineptitude. Instead of an American dilemma he presented an ultimatum. The French public, press and parliament were all livid. To cap all, Dulles made a mistake in his facts which had later to be lamely corrected.

All this took place at the beginning of the NATO meeting and rather poisoned the atmosphere thereafter. Delegates came away thinking that if he could do no better than that with his friends, what effect would he have on a suspicious enemy?

Another thing that bothers foreigners about the change in U. S. speeches and statements is the very fact that changes take place so often and so suddenly, for reasons that are not always clear. It leads to a lodged doubt whether Washington's right hand knows what Washington's left hand is doing.

The most dramatic recent development in United States policy was President Eisenhower's speech to the United Nations Assembly in December, proposing an international store of atomic fuel for immediate peaceful use. Canada and all the NATO allies thought this sounded like a magnificent idea, and said so.

However, there was some uncertainty about what the President meant. Was he going to pool all information that would be useful in developing atomic power? Would the United States and other countries delegate their nuclear physicists to help? Or would each country merely hand over a quantity of fissionable material to an international authority? And by the way, what international authority?

When they put these questions to Washington, the allies discovered to their astonishment that the Americans didn't know either. The State Department's leading expert on atomic policy knew nothing about the Eisenhower plan until he heard the President's broadcast. Apparently the whole speech was the work of the White House staff and the President himself, probably assisted by the Atomic Energy Commission but certainly unassisted by the State Department, whose job it is to explain and execute American foreign policy.

This does not mean any disapproval of the Eisenhower plan. On the contrary, the Canadian Government for one is still enthusiastic about its possibilities and determined to do everything it can to help the scheme to immediate practical application. Anything at all which promises to dispel the cloud of secrecy and mutual suspicion that covers atomic research is welcomed in Ottawa.

It's not the plan itself, it's the seeming lack of co-ordination that worries other countries. When we're all in the same boat, it's nice to know who is at the wheel.

CANADA'S ECONOMIC policy will still be based on the assumption of Canadian prosperity whether the United States has a recession in 1954 or not. That's the inference to be drawn from an article in the Canadian Textile Journal for Jan. 15, written by O. J. Firestone, economic adviser to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, C. D. Howe.

Jack Firestone is the man who documents C. D. Howe's congenial and incurable optimism. He prepares the figures and writes most of the formal surveys of the economy which Howe delivers to parliament from time to time. Howe of course makes the

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decisions, and probably wouldn't hesitate to ignore Firestone's figures if they pointed to a glum conclusion. But since Firestone has the rare distinction of being even more an optimist than his boss, his analysis of the economic situation is a pretty good guide to C. D. Howe's (i.e., the Government's).

In this article he notes that a good many economists have been predicting a recession ever since the war ended. He divides them into three groups, each basing its prophecies on a different set of circumstances. Every once in a while they all agree—and then, says Firestone, recession talk becomes audible to the general public.

Firestone obviously thinks the Cassandras are wrong again but he points out that in any case the Canadian economy often behaves differently from the American economy. He runs through a long list of industries to show that capital expenditure here in 1954 will equal or even exceed the record level of 1953. Consumer spending will increase without any change in the standard of living because Canada's population is going up two and a half percent a year. Besides, there probably will be some rise in living standards which will increase spending even more.

He thinks the U. S. market for major Canadian exports will remain good. Overseas sales may improve since a number of our customers have improved their dollar position. He does admit that Canadians are now facing "a different kind of economy—not one where every industry could be expected to do well at all times." (After all, this is an article in the Textile Journal.) But he thinks the over-all level of economic activity will be higher, the gross national product even greater in 1954 than it was in 1953.

WHEN PRIME MINISTER St. Laurent got off a train from Quebec one morning last fall and casually told a reporter he hoped to visit Asia this winter, that was the first his staff had heard of it.

Apparently the Prime Minister thought of the trip as relatively simple. For years he'd wanted to visit India and Pakistan and Ceylon. This looked like a quiet winter when he'd have a chance to get away. But when a prime minister travels abroad, there's more to it than buying a round-trip ticket.

First, where exactly would he go? A dozen countries had invited him. The British feel happier when official visitors on Commonwealth tours stop by for chats in London. France might

be offended if he flew right by, ignoring several invitations to Paris. West Germany would appreciate being included in a European trip, and so on.

Australia and New Zealand had both invited him and both were a bit sensitive about being off the beaten track. He should obviously drop in on the troops in Korea and he couldn't go to Korea without going to Japan. As for Indonesia and the Philippines, they're both interesting places to see.

All these countries had to be asked informally if it would be convenient for the Prime Minister to visit them on the dates convenient to him. They all said yes and a rough itinerary was blocked out. Then somebody noticed that the Prime Minister's trip to Australia almost overlapped the Royal Visit. In one city he would arrive the day after Her Majesty and Prince Philip had left.

He suggested another approach to the Australians to see if they really wanted him to come. It turned out they didn't though they were being frightfully polite about it. So Australia and New Zealand were dropped, which saved several days and several thousand miles.

Then the Prime Minister's staff had to deal with the programs suggested by Canadian ambassadors and high commissioners. They all wanted him to see everything and meet everybody. Escott Reid, for example, whose enthusiasm for India knows no bounds, came up with a schedule that would have killed an able-bodied camel, let alone a seventy-two-year-old Canadian who has never been in a hot climate in his life.

When all these had been chopped down to bearable dimensions it was getting on for Christmas and the RCAF had already dealt with another problem. Its pilots were responsible for the Prime Minister's safety and had to take him into several airports they'd never seen before. Not taking any chances, the RCAF sent the crew around the world on a practice run in December.

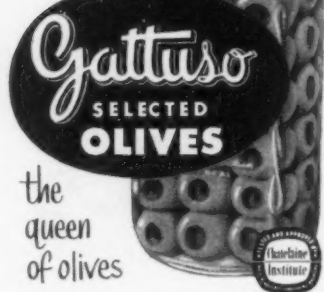
Meanwhile in the East Block, work began on a very necessary item of any visiting fireman's luggage. Before he gets back the Prime Minister will have delivered a dozen major speeches. Most of them were written, at least in preliminary form, by mid-January.

Altogether, it looks as if quite a number of brows besides the Prime Minister's own will be mopped when the big C-5 takes off, about the time these words appear in print, from Dorval Airport. ★



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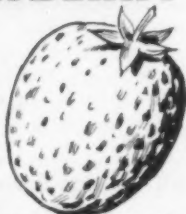


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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

since ceased fire but the tragedy of the North and South lingers on.

The first chance I ever had to study the Negro problem at first hand was when I went to Jamaica a few years ago to spend Christmas with Lord Beaverbrook at his home in Montego Bay. Under the freedom of the British flag the black descendants of African slaves are free to vote in local and parliamentary elections and have the same rights as white men in the courts.

But is there equality in Jamaica? When Beaverbrook and I would walk in the dusk we would be joined by Jamaicans who addressed the Beaver as "Yes, Lord," or "Good evening, Lord," and mistakenly addressed me as "Boss."

But I was delighted when dinner time came at Beaverbrook's house that there were colored people among the guests. It is true that they had made some position for themselves in politics, journalism or business but that would apply equally to Lord Beaverbrook's guests in England.

Beaverbrook's young granddaughter Lady Jean Campbell used to go once a week to the nearby schoolhouse where, after school hours, she would instruct senior boys and girls in acting, folk dancing and recitation. She asked me if I would come along and we found waiting for us about fifteen boys and girls between sixteen and eighteen.

It is hard to understand why we were so moved when a pretty young Jamaican girl recited "The quality of mercy . . ." from The Merchant of Venice. It is hard to explain why we laughed—and were also moved—when eight of them danced a Polish minuet. This was after school hours. This was extra to the curriculum. Jean Campbell had opened a door on another world and they did not want it ever to close.

This then is the question which must confront each one of us who has a conscience. Are the sons and daughters of Africa, wherever they have gone, to be regarded as people whose future is limited by their color? Must we say to them that their only escape is in the realm of entertainment, or perhaps in medicine?

Yes, one can pose that question but there comes another question in its train. "Do you believe in racial equality? If so, would you agree to the marriage of your daughter with a black man?"

Let me confess that when I decided to make this the theme of my London Letter I knew that it would not be possible for me to reach a clear-cut decision. Many times in my life I have been forced to realize the gigantic truth of that famous saying: "The great struggles of history have not been between right and wrong but between the right and the partially right."

As a British member of parliament I supported the banning of Seretse Khama from the leadership of his tribe because he had married a white girl. Yet I find myself horrified when reading in the newspaper that Josephine Baker, a superb colored singer, telephoned fifty-three hotels in New York before she could get a room for a night. Where does logic begin and end? Is the problem of racial discrimination something that perhaps has no solution?

In the British parliament there is a very old friend of mine, Oliver Lyttelton, who gave up a job which brought him an income of between twenty-five thousand and forty thousand pounds a year to become Colonial Secretary in Churchill's Government. Lyttelton's father was a great amateur

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cricketer and an educationist of quality and broad sympathy.

The son Oliver never served a political apprenticeship as a backbencher, which was a pity. Churchill brought him into his war government as president of the Board of Trade because of his administrative knowledge. When the Tories were defeated in 1945 Lyttelton remained in the House as an MP but went back to his chairmanships and his huge income.

Then we won the 1951 election and Churchill offered Lyttelton the colonies. "It is the toughest assignment of the lot," said Churchill.

There was the devil's cauldron of Malaya with the Communist campaign of terrorism, and America dropping the price of rubber every time we achieved a spasm of normality. There was Kenya with a mad fanatical campaign by the superstition-ridden Mau Mau. There was British Guiana with a Communist Party reaching for power, and there were a dozen restless movements which were bound to mean trouble and might easily mean disaster. "Colonization is out-dated!" shouted the socialists. "This man Lyttelton is nothing but a reactionary trying to keep back the hands of the clock."

In the war his job had been mostly administrative and he had never learned how to handle interrupters. Such speeches as he had made previously had been to shareholders who listened to him with awe.

But now he had to face parliament with all its license of speech. The socialists knocked him round the ring and did it so often that even the Tories began to say that Lyttelton had come to the game too late.

So fierce did the campaign of attrition grow that when a few Mau Mau murderers were shot it was Lyttelton who seemed to be not only the murderer of innocent people but the *agent provocateur*. When it was found that military officers were offering a bonus for dead Mau Mau terrorists it was as if Lyttelton had offered bribes for the killing of innocent men.

Then came the trouble in British Guiana when Lyttelton suspended the constitution because the Communists had seized autocratic control. When the Labour members got through with him Lyttelton was not only the killer of innocent Mau Maus in Kenya but the enemy of democracy in Guiana.

But Guiana was only an interlude and once more Africa became the centre of conflict. Imperialism was on the wane, colonization was out of date, the era of equality had arrived overnight. In fact freedom was marching toward a new sunrise and only Lyttelton and his Tory diehards stood in the way. Like Canute he forbade the tide to come in. Thus the anti-Lyttelton chorus.

So the Opposition put down a motion: "That this House expresses its grave disquiet at the handling of Her Majesty's Government of affairs in Africa." The debate began at half past three in the afternoon.

I do not doubt the sincerity of the socialists but they certainly spared Lyttelton nothing. We sat behind our man filled with anger and resentment but with the feeling that he was too inexperienced to rise to the challenge.

Yet the moment that Lyttelton began to speak, after the long accusation had been made we sensed that something significant was at hand. If he had any notes he never looked at them. Instead of the usual well-groomed Whitehall jargon, Lyttelton began as if we were all sitting around a campfire in the dusk of the evening.

He told of the rightful aspirations of the colonial people and the necessity of seeing that reforms did not outpace the political development of the natives.

He drew an unforgettable picture of Britain's role as a mother and guardian of backward races. He described the sacrifices of decent men wounded and murdered by the terrorists.

Then at the end of nearly an hour in which he had held the House in a deathly silence he paused and looked at the serried ranks of his opponents. It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose but Labour knew that Lyttelton was speaking for the British nation and on destiny's challenge to Britain. Not a word came from them.

"It is a sad day..." Lyttelton paused in order not to show his emotion—then he went on, "which witnesses the final breakdown of a national and not a party approach to colonial affairs. Let no honorable member forget that we are the most progressive colonial power in the world and that we have set our hands, whatever our party, to giving self-government to these territories. It ill behooves us when our sincere efforts meet with setbacks, and when law and order are sometimes threatened by a handful of terrorists, that we should seek only to probe the shortcomings of party opponents and not endeavor to stress that wide measure of agreement which exists between Conservatives and socialists alike on all the essentials."

It was no Churchillian prose. There was no flashing phrase, no sense of the theatre, no suggestion that he was talking to the centuries. Lyttelton was saying to the British House of Commons that the backward races are too solemn a trust to be made a medium for party squabbling.

Not Survival of Prejudice

A new dominating figure had arisen, a figure of power and above all sincerity. Lyttelton has a terrible task before him—the granting of self-government to people who have no tradition of self-government behind them—but now he will have a parliament united with him in spirit.

The colored people are on the march but they will need our leadership for a long time yet because they do not know their way—yet I sometimes wonder if any of us knows the way.

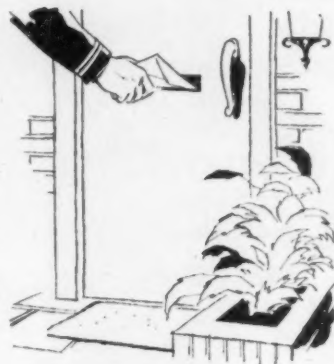
The instinct against intermarriage is not a mere survival of prejudice. Certainly the half-caste progeny of mixed marriages are faced with a harsh and bewildering world. That might alter with time but only in the matter of degree. East is East and West is West... The old familiar words still ring true.

But there must be increasing opportunity for colored people to live full lives and to receive due reward for their labor and their achievements. Although imperialism is out of fashion, and therefore out of favor, history will pay tribute to Great Britain for the way she has opened the doors of government to the colored races.

At the Westminster Hall luncheon to the Queen just before the Coronation I sat next to the African leader of the Opposition in the Gold Coast legislature. He had a most cultured mind, he had humor and understanding, he had a simple dignity. As we chatted during the luncheon I lost all sense of any barrier between us. It is with such men that the future of the colored races lies.

Every day Oliver Lyttelton faces the challenge of the rising black tide of Africa. His enemies say he is a reactionary who thinks he can hold back the forces of destiny. I believe his enemies to be wrong. Oliver Lyttelton may yet be acclaimed as a man whose humanity and wisdom guided the African colonies toward a destiny brighter than we or others had dared to hope. ★

The story of your Canada Post Office—No. 14



Mail Delivery in New Areas

Since World War II Canada has grown by leaps and bounds, and across the country the picture is everywhere the same. New communities have been built up beyond old-established boundaries, with many of their residents expecting to be provided with the services that are part of the urban life.

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

A Whole Shelf of Books

HARDLY A WEEK seems to pass nowadays without the news that one or another of the various writers associated with Maclean's has produced a book for publication. Some of the books have already appeared, in their initial form, in this magazine. Others may appear in the future. Some have nothing to do with Maclean's at all, except that the writer's name is a familiar one to our readers. But we're glad to hear about them and we wish them all well.

Fred Bodsworth, for example, tells us that he has just had a book accepted by Dodd, Mead in New York. It's about a rare bird, the Eskimo curlew. Robert Thomas Allen has just completed a book manuscript for publication, called *How To Do Everything*. Sidney Katz is working on a book about Ernest Douglas, the man who cures stutterers, and whom he wrote about for Maclean's not long ago. Article editor Ian Sclanders is working on a book about his native Maritimes.

Ralph Allen's second novel, *The Chartered Libertine*, will be published by the Macmillan Company this spring. Lionel Shapiro is busy on his third novel. Pierre Berton's expansion of his Maclean's series, *The Family In the Palace*, will be published in both Canada and the U. S. this March under the title of *The Royal Family*. Sidney Margolius is busy updating his best-selling *Buying Guide* while Marjorie Wilkins Campbell is gathering material for a book about the Northwest Company. Her recent book, *Ontario*, is selling well and many readers will remember that her earlier book, *The Saskatchewan*, in the *Rivers of America* series, first appeared in condensed form in Maclean's.

James Dugan, who helped Jacques-Yves Cousteau write the best-selling *The Silent World*, has completed a book about the famous Great Eastern, the giant cable-laying ship, called *The Great Iron Ship*. It is a Book Of The Month Club selection for this month.

All this activity in what is known

as "the hard-cover field" reminds us that a magazine, in spite of its soft covers, is essentially a sort of continuing library. Maclean's readers have been getting and will continue to get the cream of many important books long before they are published. A good example of this was Sir John Hunt's story, *My Worst Hours On Everest*, the bonus-length article we published well before the appearance of his book, *The Ascent of Everest*. Maclean's was the first periodical in the world to publish this account by Hunt. Almost all of Richmond P. Hobson's *Grass Beyond the Mountains* first appeared in Maclean's. The book was later a best seller in



Canada, the United States and England.

Other books which Maclean's readers have dipped into recently before publication include Bruce Hutchison's controversial biography of Mackenzie King, *The Incredible Canadian*, Dr. J. P. Moody's *Pioneer of the Barren North*, W. O. Mitchell's *The Alien*, the Hon. Ewen Montagu's *The Man Who Never Was* (which we published in two long parts as *The Corpse That Hoaxed the Axis*), Rudolph Flesch's *How To Make Sense*, and Bert Parker's *Kid in the Klondike*.

Now we're happy to announce that we will soon begin exclusive publication of Thomas B. Costain's eagerly awaited history of early Canada, *The White and the Gold*. This is such an important and lively book for Canadians that we have decided to devote part of fifteen issues to it, and to illustrate it with oil paintings and sketches by Franklin Arbuckle. It will begin in our March 15 issue. ★



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M-43



MODERN pay-cheques which include two equally impressive sections, one to show deductions and the other to be cashed, got a man into trouble in Victoria when he drove up to a gas station and negotiated an eighty-buck cheque with the owner. When the gas station realized they had cashed the half showing deductions they called in police, but the man returned a short time later to correct the error himself.

...

Toronto's Mount Pleasant Cemetery is a huge tract where the various areas are lettered from A to Z to make it easier to find the way. A little lady who approached a workman one afternoon asked if he knew the way to the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King's grave. The workman paused for a moment, then remembering where the distinguished statesman was buried he said: "Well, madam, if you'll just go to L..." The astounded woman drew herself to her full four feet eight inches, flashed her eyes at him, and stalked off with the single comment: "Tory!"

...

One of a Pickering, Ont., farmer's two horses was sick. The farmer had hope for its recovery until the animal got out of the barn and down to the creek where it broke through the ice: when he found it firmly wedged in the ice he realized there was nothing to do but shoot the suffering beast, so he phoned an acquaintance and asked him to come over and shoot the animal for him. He saw the man arrive but decided to let him finish



the business alone. Shortly after he heard a shot, and in a few minutes there was a knock on the door.

"It didn't take you very long," the farmer said as he opened the door.

"Why should it?" the man replied innocently. "I just walked out to the barn and shot it in the stall."

...

A cash register, stolen from the Seminole Tavern in Windsor, Ont., was returned by the thief who signed himself "The Angel." Attached was a note which said: "Sorry, but we could not sell your cash register for our price so thought we would give it back."

...

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Two men stopped opposite a full-length mirror which adorns the entrance to a Dundas Street cocktail bar in London, Ont. Both of them removed their hats, faced the glass, and bent from the waist, each looking upward toward the mirror. After a moment they straightened up, solemnly replaced their hats, and



one took his billfold from his pocket. "You win Jack," he said. "My bald spot is certainly bigger'n yours."

...

A teacher in Alberni, B.C., received a new student complete with a note from his mother explaining that he was a sensitive child, particularly where punishment was concerned. "It is not really necessary to chastise him," the note said. "It would be better to give the boy in the next seat a good slap and so frighten him."

...

The following item appeared in the Summerland (B.C.) Review:

Brake failure Friday afternoon was the cause of a minor accident when a car being parked in front of the Bank of Montreal crashed through the lattice fence at the side of the bank. Occupants of the car, the driver and her infant son, escaped injury.

Name of the driver is not being revealed.

The Review normally is incorruptible and scrupulously impartial in the manner in which incidents of this sort are reported but the lady involved has found its Achilles' heel.

She is the wife of one of the printers at the Review and threatened to leave town and take her husband with her if her name appeared in the paper in connection with the accident. There are only two printers at the Review, Mev Wells and Tom McKay, and printers are not so easy to get these days so her insistence that her name not appear in the paper must be met.

Mrs. McKay does not drive a car.



Blizzard victim

"You won't be able to get through tonight," the old storekeeper at the crossroads had warned him. "It's a blizzard. Better stay here. We've got a bed for you."

But he was in a hurry. No storm was going to stop him—not when he'd promised his youngsters he'd be home. So he started out.

This is where the man at the wheel of the big yellow grader found him in the morning. An emergency call brought the ambulance hurrying over the recently plowed road. The doctor says he'll pull through.

The men who fight to keep our highways open all too seldom get the credit they deserve. The

moment there's a storm warning, they're out on the job. They battle through bitter cold and giant drifts without rest until the last road is cleared. Partners with them in their struggle against nature are versatile Caterpillar Diesel Motor Graders.

All year around, these sturdy yellow machines

are the work horses of highway departments—removing snow in winter, building and maintaining roads in other seasons. Their versatility also makes them invaluable in other fields, both civilian and military. Wherever you see them at work, you see machines doing a good, honest job. Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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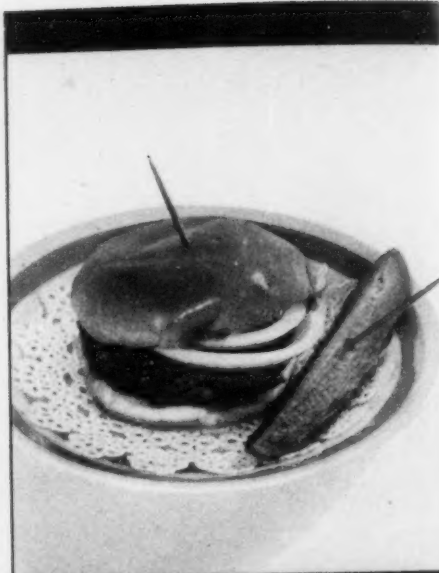
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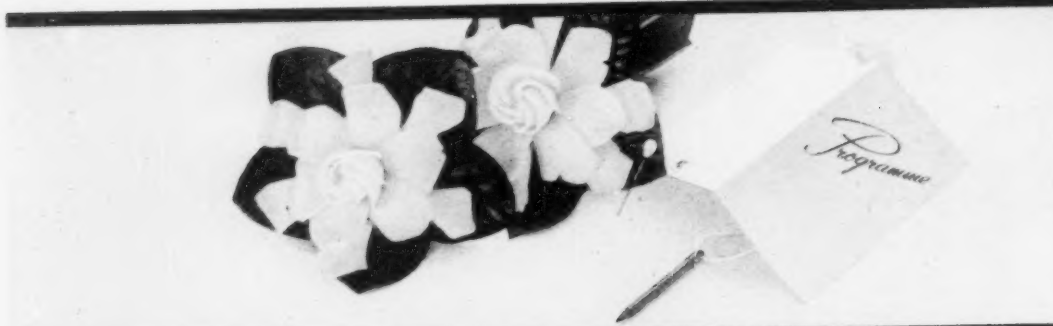


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